

Our First Old Home
Day At Salem, Maine:
August 17, 1904
(1905)



R FIRST OLD
preowned ==


N/A



Generi/Book/Ot

- GREEN/ECOMM -

Old Home Day Committee



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/isbn_9781436636544

**Our First Old Home Day At Salem, Maine:
August 17, 1904**

Old Home Day Committee

In the interest of creating a more extensive selection of rare historical book reprints, we have chosen to reproduce this title even though it may possibly have occasional imperfections such as missing and blurred pages, missing text, poor pictures, markings, dark backgrounds and other reproduction issues beyond our control. Because this work is culturally important, we have made it available as a part of our commitment to protecting, preserving and promoting the world's literature. Thank you for your understanding.

OUR FIRST
OLD HOME DAY

At Salem, Maine

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

1904

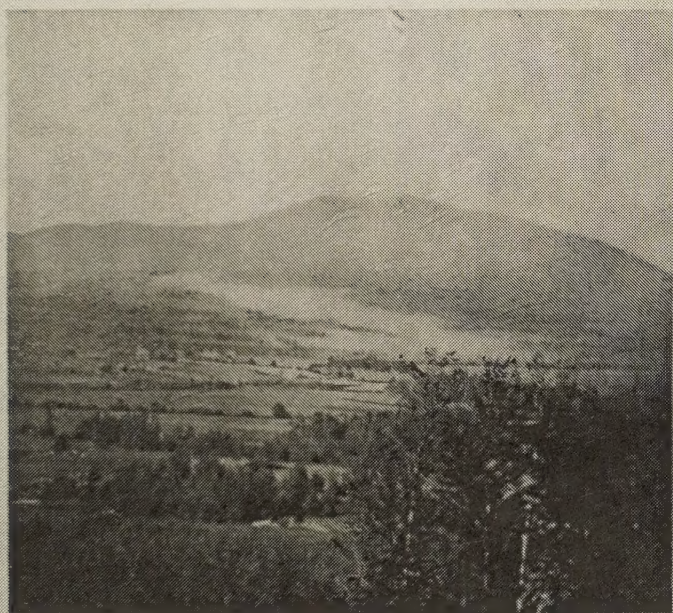
PUBLISHED BY

D. C. HEATH & COMPANY

120 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

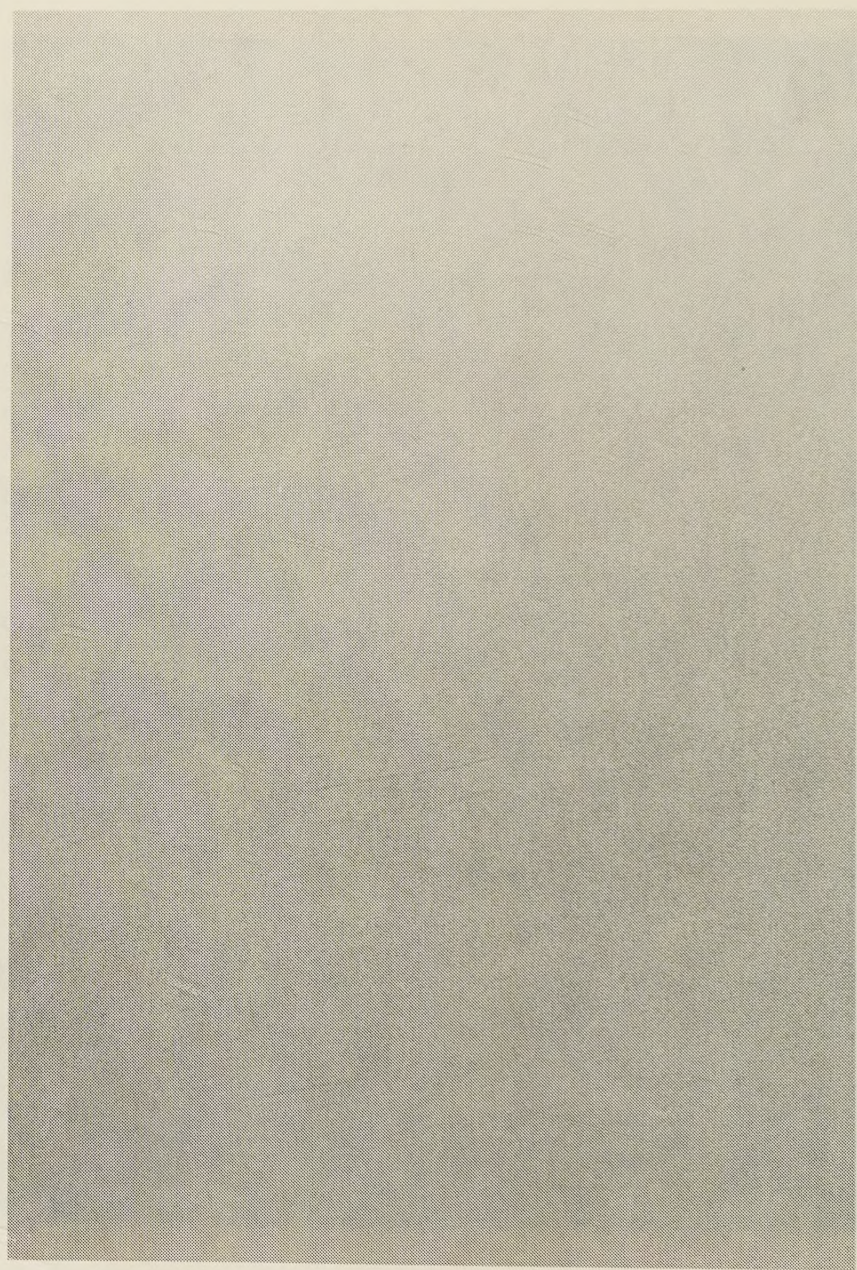
1905

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY
D. C. HEATH & CO.



SALEM, THE HABITATION OF PEACE

" 'T is the home of our childhood ! The beautiful spot
Which memory retains when all else is forgot."



TO OLD SALEM

BY EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

Great-grand-daughter of Albert Hayford

I know a little village in the north
Whose green fields now the white spring-flowers storm
In curling waves of snow-white daisy-foam,
Up-beating fierce in Spring's abandonment,
Till all the lonely little village streets
Are flecked with fragrant foam.

I know a little village in the north
From off whose rampart heights the clarion spring
Flings far her yellow-throated messages
And fair flower-blazoned heraldry,
Till all the lonely little village streets
Are sweet with minstrelsy.

I know a little village in the north
Which Abram shields against the winter's storm,
Bold-squaring his broad shoulders to the blast,
Kind sentinel, faithful unto the trust
Of guarding all the sheltered homes below
Where the Quick River runs.

To Old Salem

I know a little village in the north
Sweet all midsummer-time with scent of pine ;
There, checkerberries redden in the wood,
By the road-side black-beaded berries grow
Which other children — as I loved to do —
Now string on meadow grass.

To thee, old Salem, thought turns longingly,
(While sun-bright are the warm mid-August days)
To Salem with its girdle of blue hills,
To old schoolmates who now are gathered there,
With whom, though prairie levels intervene,
My spirit dwells this glad Reunion-time.

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS, August 1, 1904.

PREFACE

THE matter between these covers has been put in type for the following reasons :

First, because a large number of those present on Old Home Day could not hear the speakers and were promised at the time that they should have an opportunity later of seeing in print as much of the proceedings as could easily be reproduced.

About four hundred persons responded to the invitation, and the old town house would hold but a small portion of the number present. After assembling in, and at the door of, this largest audience room in town, it was agreed that we should adjourn to the new Camp Meeting Grounds at the left of the road leading west from

Preface

Edgar Wills' house (formerly the residence of Daniel Heath). The seats and the speakers' booth in these grounds were used for the first time at our Reunion and answered the purpose admirably. And yet there were so many present and there was so much pardonable talking in the space back of the seats, where old friends were cordially greeting old friends whom they had not seen for many years, that neither they nor those in the rear seats heard all that the speakers were saying. There being no reporter present, each one who spoke was asked to reproduce in script, as well as he could, the remarks he had made, and this book is the result.

Second, many who, because of distance, age, infirmity, or the cares of life, could not be present, lamented the fact and expressed the hope that they might have a full account of the Reunion.

This book will take our greetings to

Preface

them, express our regret that they could not be with us, and voice the hope that we may meet them at the next Reunion — five years hence, if not earlier !

Third, the wish was expressed by those who heard the proceedings that the histories of the town might be put in permanent form, as being of much interest to Salemites whether present at the Reunion or not.

There was, as far as known, but one copy of Albert Pease's history of the town, which appeared in the Farmington Chronicle of April 24th, 1862. This one copy belongs to his son, Charles H. Pease, of Holliston, Massachusetts, and was kindly loaned by him, the more cheerfully since he was unable to be at the Reunion, as he had hoped to be. The history written by Mr. Pease and incorporated in this volume, and the brief history prepared for our Old Home Day by Walter S. Heath, should form the basis of a more complete

Preface

history, including more events and persons, which we hope may some time appear. If any and every one reading these pages will kindly forward any additional information concerning the town's people or events to Walter S. Heath, Salem, Maine, he will carefully preserve the same in the town archives. In this way a much more extensive history may, in fulness of time, be prepared. Our great-grandfathers, our grandfathers, and our fathers, many of them, have passed away ; but have we not in store or memory some papers or anecdotes of theirs that should be saved from oblivion? And now, before our crowns grow much whiter or many more wrinkles appear in our faces, let us one and all send to him the more important of our own reminiscences.

Fourth, because by printing we can preserve and circulate extracts from letters and other communications which the length of

Preface

the printed program did not allow time for reading.

Fifth, because it is hoped that by the sale of the book at one dollar a copy enough money may be collected to add a little sum to our library fund, after paying for the actual cost of the book.

GEORGE W. MILLS,
NELSON P. HARRIS,
WALTER S. LOVEJOY,
EDGAR WILLS,
WALTER S. HEATH,
Old Home Day Committee.

SALEM, MAINE, 1905.



PROGRAMME AND TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Dedicatory Poem to Old Salem, by Edna Worthley Underwood, great-grand- daughter of Albert Hayford . . .	v
Preface	vii-xi
Contents	xiii
List of Illustrations	xvii

SUNDAY OF OLD HOME WEEK

Sermon at Town Hall, by Rev. Abel W. Pottle of Lisbon Falls	1
--	---

WEDNESDAY, OLD HOME DAY

1. Ringing of the Bells
2. Meeting at the Town House at 9.30.
Guests from the train and others
received by the local committee and
the Chairman, D. C. Heath . . . 7
3. Invocation by the Rev. Mr. Pottle.
4. Singing "Home, Sweet Home," by
all present 8

Table of Contents

5. Address of Welcome by Walter S. Heath	10
6. Respnose to Address of Welcome by D. C. Heath	13
7. Annals of the Town of Salem, Me., by Albert Pease	27
8. A Brief History of the Town from 1815 by Walter S. Heath	51
9. Singing "Old Oaken Bucket," by all present	66
10. Poem by Charles H. Bangs, of Everett, Mass.	68
11. Music. Fife, Sumner Lovejoy; drum, G. A. Page, Kingfield	79
12. Some Memories of the eastern part of the town by Hon. George Pottle, of Lewiston, Me., and Rev. Abel Pottle	80
13. Some Memories of the western part of the town by Elbridge G. Heath of Auburn, Me., and George W. Harris of Salem, Me.	100
14. Mrs. Underwood's Reminiscences	109
15. A Dream, by Rev. Albert Hayford Heath, D. D.	123

Table of Contents

16. Salem's Old Home Day, a poem by Mrs. George Underwood (Carrie Frances Nash), of Fayette, Me.	127
17. George Underwood's Address	146
18. Presentation of Cake to the oldest person present who was born in Salem	150
19. Our Schools and Schoolmasters, by one of the schoolmasters, Hon. Joel Wilbur of Phillips, Me.	152
20. Singing "Auld Lang Syne," by all present	157
21. Benediction by Rev. H. S. Trueman	157
The Aftermath	158
The First Book given to the New Library	158
More Reminiscences of the Western Part of the Town, by Charles H. Bangs, Everett, Mass.	160
The First White Child Born in Salem	164
Letters of Congratulation and Ap- proval	165-169

Table of Contents

Extract from the Farmington Chronicle,	
August 24th, 1904	170
Old Home Day Mail Bag	176-221
Containing letters from Miss Gay, Mrs.	
E. M. Gay, John Turner, F. G. Mills,	
Miss Julia H. May, F. S. Smith, Charles	
H. Bangs, Mrs. Parmelia E. French,	
Dr. A. W. Stinchfield, James C. Keene,	
Mrs. Robert Armour, Mrs. H. G.	
Turner, Mrs. America Walton, Mary	
Emma Ellsworth, Benjamin F. Day,	
Mrs. Frank Wyman, Mrs. F. C. Butler,	
Mrs. J. S. Milliken, R. J. Mayo, C. L.	
Pottle, Albert E. Jones, Clinton J. Rich-	
ards, J. N. Davis, George Clinton	
Heath, Warren S. Voter, Dr. Oliver W.	
Turner, E. K. Humphrey, D. P. Blake,	
A. C. Otis, D. D. Graffam, E. R.	
Heath, James C. Pottle, Rev. Ernest	
K. Caswell, Mrs. Julia Tarbox, Mrs.	
Deborah Howard.	
Reminiscences, by Mr. M. W. Love-	
joy	197
A Reminiscence, related by Mrs. Otis	
of Readfield, formerly Miss Lu-	
cinda Blake	217
Old Home Day Register (incomplete)	222-227

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Salem, the Habitation of Peace (<i>Frontispiece</i>)	
Rev. A. W. Pottle	1
Walter S. Heath	10
D. Collamore Heath	13
Charles M. Heath	25
Albert Pease	27
Old Red School House	65
Charles H. Bangs	68
Hon. George Pottle	81
Elbridge G. Heath	101
George W. Harris	105
Mrs. C. F. Underwood	109
Mrs. Elizabeth Harris	150
Hon. Joel Wilbur	152



HOW THE PROGRAMME WAS CARRIED OUT

SUNDAY. — A SERMON AT THE TOWN
HOUSE BY REV. ABEL W. POTTLE OF
LISBON FALLS

Prov. 14: 34. "Righteousness exalteth a nation.
But sin is a reproach to any people."

THERE is in every well-disposed mind an instinctive desire for prosperity, for progress, for exaltation; and at the same time a dread of failure, of adversity, of *reproach*. These two impulses are among the master motives of life. Our text teaches us how we secure the one and avoid the other.

Some cherish mistaken ideas as to the true ground and occasion of exaltation. They too often associate this desired end with great wealth, official position, or



REV. A. W. POTTLE

Rev. Abel W. Pottle's Sermon

remarkable gifts. They think that our national greatness and exaltation is because of our vast territory, our inexhaustible resources, our extended seacoast, our navigable rivers, our inland seas, our extensive forests, and our broad and fruitful prairies.

We point with pride to our broad domain, to the wonderful development of our resources and our vast wealth accumulations. And certainly in these respects we are a favored land. But these material considerations alone do not constitute the ground and occasion of our national greatness, only as they are associated with righteousness, with justice, and with truth. What is the testimony of history? Rome was never greater nor stronger in all material resources and opportunities and possibilities than when she commenced to decline. The glory and strength of Israel faded and failed when she was at the very acme of her earthly advantage and ripeness,

Rev. Abel W. Pottle's Sermon

because she "departed from following the Lord with a perfect heart."

Righteousness is in and of itself an element of power and exaltation. It is an inspiration to courage. It imparts strength. It quickens and nerves the mind and the hand for heroic action. It conserves, it guides and protects the true aims and interests of the individual and of the nation. Righteousness enhances the value of all legitimate pursuits and possessions.

But we pass to notice the second proposition of our text: "Sin is a reproach to any people." Sin is our willing wrong doing or wrong being. It has reference to conduct and character. Seldom does one become so blinded and insensible as to deny the truth of this simple proposition. We need only to illustrate it, and so enforce it upon your attention.

Notice our political campaigns. Good men, or those claimed to be good men, are

Rev. Abel W. Pottle's Sermon

nominated for office. The excellences of the candidate are exploited as a reason why he should receive the votes of the people. It is the work of the opposition to show his vices and defects as a reason why the people should not endorse his nomination. All this is on the ground that righteousness exalts, while sin is a reproach. Take another illustration. It is a sad fact that sordidness and selfishness and dishonesty and avarice are too common in the land. But who ever points to this state of things as the glory of our people? They are looked upon rather as a reproach, because these prevalent evils are *sins*.

A few years ago the institution of African slavery rested upon our fair land. Slavery became a power in the nation. Millions of men were interested in it. Millions of dollars were invested in it. It was legalized, and good men advocated it. It came to be a controlling factor in our social,

Rev. Abel W. Pottle's Sermon

political, and financial life. Yet who to-day, or even then, pointed to slavery as the glory of our nation? It was the nation's reproach because it was *sin*.

In our own day the vice and crime of intemperance prevails to an alarming extent. Intoxicating liquors are manufactured, sold and consumed. Millions of money are invested in the rum business, and vast numbers of men are employed in it. This evil has come to have great influence in the land. Men would legalize it and make it respectable. It has gained a controlling influence over the two dominant political parties. But for all this, who ever points to the rum business and the drinking habits of our people as the glory of our nation? Is it not, rather, considered a reproach, for it is *sin*.

Take another illustration. I refer to the prevalent popular desecration of the Sabbath Day. Instead of making it a Holy

Rev. Abel W. Pottle's Sermon

day, it is made by vast numbers a holiday. The cars and other public conveyances are run as on other days. The Sunday paper is hawked about our streets. The churches are forsaken. Pleasure seeking and money making characterize the day. But who ever points to this tendency to Sabbath desecration as the glory and exaltation of our land? Is it not rather our *reproach*, which threatens the overthrow of our religious institutions?

If this beautiful town and community, nestling in this charming valley, under the kind protection of old Mount Abram, would prosper and enjoy exaltation, then must the individuals of the town observe the conditions of such prosperity. Let righteousness, virtue, justice and truth prevail, accompanied by industry, skill and frugality. Then these fields will yield their increase, and all will be well.

OLD HOME DAY

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1904

1. Reception by the Committee at the Old Town House.
2. Assembly at the Camp Meeting Grounds called to order by D. C. Heath of Boston, Chairman, who said : —

As a boy in Salem, and a boy of a good deal of spirit too, I was often called to order by the town authorities. And I suppose that I as often thought I would sometime get even with them by calling the town to order. That time has come. This is my first opportunity to say, and more gently, than the town used to say it to me : *Please come to order !*

After the Rev. Mr. Pottle invokes the

Old Home Day

Divine Blessing, we will all sing, I am sure with spirit and understanding, "*Home, Sweet Home*," and then wait a moment to see if we are going to be "invited in." Walter S. Heath acts as spokesman for our hosts.

3. The Invocation.

4. Singing — *Home, Sweet Home*.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There 's no place like home,
Oh, there 's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no
more.

Old Home Day

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There 's no place like home,
Oh, there 's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There 's no place like home,
Oh, there 's no place like home.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY WALTER S. HEATH OF SALEM

As one of the oldest residents of Salem I have been chosen to extend in behalf of our people not merely a formal but a sincere welcome to all its returning sons and daughters who honor us with their presence here during this "Old Home Day."



WALTER S. HEATH

Salem is justly proud of the ability and character of its representatives scattered throughout the land, from the east to the west. We are proud of those who have volunteered to assist us in this undertaking, and especially proud, Mr. Chairman, of the originator of this Old Home Week and Day in Maine.

By Walter S. Heath

He has sent greetings to many and we are greatly delighted to see so many present to share in this, our first attempt at a gathering of this kind. We are reminded, however, that those who participate here to-day are but a handful compared with the real number we have invited. I trust you feel that you are welcome guests. We can but rejoice that you have so nobly honored the town of your nativity.

Ninety years have elapsed since the pioneer's axe was first heard in this, the most beautiful valley of Franklin County. How much these years contain ! A full history would sadden, gratify, and amuse. Many of the noble sons and daughters who have honored Salem's name have passed beyond to that higher and better life toward which we are all hastening. The tombstones in our cemetery do not represent them all, for many are laid away beneath other soil ; yet their memory still

Address of Welcome

lingers, and will be kept green as long as this generation abideth.

Our messenger has been sent to the miner and the cowboy of the West; to the cabin of the sailor, and the tent of the soldier in the East; as well as to the lawyer, the doctor, the publisher, and the minister; and a response has been received from many who are not able to be present.

This call has awakened in us all a desire to meet again: which we surely shall do, either here or hereafter.

In behalf of the citizens of Salem, I would ask all to register now and to meet with us again in future years.

Who that in distant lands has chanced to roam,
Ne'er thrills with pleasure at the name of home?

CHAIRMAN:

We are evidently not only "invited in," but almost pulled in and invited to "have a doughnut and some coffee."

RESPONSE

BY D. C. HEATH OF BOSTON

I SUSPECT that I have been chosen to reply to this cordial welcome we have just received because I have been chiefly responsible for asking you if we might come to see you this year, and because I have been so active, not to say officious, in extending an invitation to others to come to see you and to see each other.

We thank you, Walter (as all the boys and girls who go to the post office call you), and we thank also the good people of our dear old native town for the cordial welcome you and they have given us. You have already made us so much at home that we feel



D. C. HEATH

Response

as if we had never been away. You don't reproach us with having been prodigal sons, although the fatted calves which you have killed would suggest that. Instead, you have given us the kind of welcome the old Maine farmer gave his son who, when a boy, had, among other chores, to bring in the wood at night. One night, after he had brought in two armfuls of the three which he was accustomed to pile up in the corner, he concluded that he would carry into effect a wish he had long held, and go to sea. He ran away and was gone fifteen years. At the end of that time he thought he preferred home, after all. He went home and, as he approached the house, peered through the window, and saw his father sitting by the open fire reading his evening paper, as of old. It occurred to the boy, then grown to be a young man, that he would go to the wood-pile, get that third armful of wood and walk in as if

By D. C. Heath

nothing had happened. As he opened the door, he called out: "Here's the rest of the wood, father!" The old man looked around, saw who it was, and said forgivingly: "Now you may go to bed."

You who have lived here all your lives do not realize the thrill of joy that comes over us who have wandered far and wide, and who to-day, for the first time in many years, come in sight of the old home. The new approach by rail is interesting, but it is n't like the old approach over the Patterson Hill, when this beautiful valley suddenly rises, radiant, to welcome us, like Goldsmith's Village of the Plain. Dear old Foster-mother! The sight of no place on earth can ever produce in us such peace and fullness of joy. It was rightly named "Salem," which, like Jeru-salem, means "Habitation of Peace." Where is there such another habitation of peace as the spot whereon we now stand, guarded by the

Response

"everlasting hills," presided over by his majesty, Mount Abram, to us the dearest and, in our childhood, the highest mountain in our small world? And, better than all, 't is home !

There's a strange something which e'en wise men
can't explain

Planted in man to bind him to that earth, in dearest
ties, from whence he drew his birth.

A man may have many homes, but the
"Old Home" *where he was born* is ever
the one to which his heart turns more and
more often, and with increasing tender-
ness as the years go by ; just as the man
who is master of many languages, when
he comes to die, speaks his last words in
his mother tongue.

But, while we are *delighted* with your
generous welcome, we are not *surprised*,
for we remember you as an uncommonly
hospitable people. I have been wonder-
ing why you have always been so hospi-

By D. C. Heath

table, and have concluded that it is because there are so few of you (and you don't seem to be rapidly growing more numerous) that you have been dependent upon each other for *amusement* and, in the early days, before the mails brought you the papers as often as they do now, you were dependent upon each other for *information* — at least, concerning current events. You could not live without each other, and have therefore lived largely *with* and *for* each other. And I notice that you still call each other by your given names.

If your home had been in the city, you might not have known your next-door neighbor except by accident, and, if you had wanted amusement, you would have gone to the theatre. But here you get together at the store, at the blacksmith shop, or at the mill, and you *have* to become acquainted with one another —

Response

giving and getting at the same time information and pleasure.

As a blacksmith's son, it was my good fortune to hear many things discussed that made a lasting impression on my mind and heart. I distinctly recall to-day the discussion by our neighbors of the Crimean War, then being waged (just fifty years, or a half century, ago) and the fortunes and misfortunes of that war. I remember how my father and his visitors would illustrate with pieces of iron the positions and construction of the forts, and the position of the armies, both English and Russian. In this connection, I also recall a flaming war poster which hung in my Uncle Porter's store, a store which I was allowed to visit a little more often because it was kept by my uncle. If I mistake not, that poster, probably sent out by some newspaper, represented the bombardment of Sevastopol.

By D. C. Heath

And you got together not only at the store and the blacksmith shop, but at barn-raising and huskings and at picnics. You worked together on the roads. You exchanged work in haying time. (I do not forget the jug hidden under the hay — to keep it cool, of course — which cheered but did not inebriate, as it most often contained only sweetened water and ginger. What the jugs contained at the "Raisings" I do not know, but I have heard that sometimes something besides the building was raised on these occasions.) Your land must be better than that in many places in Maine where it is said to be so poor that you cannot even raise a disturbance upon it.

You also got together at Town Meetings which; I have lately heard, were not always, in the early days, opened by prayer, but sometimes with a corkscrew. (The county courts used also to be opened by

Response

prayer. The prayer which one old clergyman offered at one session was somewhat as follows: "Oh, Lord, wilt thou give the presiding judge the wisdom he so much needs, and overrule all his decisions.")

We used to go together to the cattle shows and "musters" and circuses, we boys going barefooted all the way to Strong to attend them, stopping at the "Dugway" and the "Ledge," to study geology or have a frolic or a scrap.

And our mothers got together at paring-bees and at quiltings. (Was it at one of these that the old lady said she "always came before anybody else and stayed until after everybody else had gone so she would n't be 'backbit'")?)

And there were social parties that brought the young people together (You could not have a considerable party without inviting *everybody in town!*), and sing-

By D. C. Heath

ing schools and spelling matches, which I personally used, to enjoy quite as much as anything. Do you remember how we used to be trained at home and at school for these spelling matches? Who was the boy who misspelled *gone*? He persisted in spelling it "g-o-r-n." To punish and correct him, the teacher made him stay after school and write g-o-n-e one hundred times on the blackboard. After writing it correctly one hundred times, he drew a line under the columns and wrote; "4.30 o'clock. I have *gorn* home." And who was that other boy who said he could never learn to spell, because the teacher kept changing the words every day!

Personally, we congratulate you that you have been obliged to commune with your fellowmen in this close familiarity, to study human nature at first hand, and thus to become more human yourselves; and we congratulate you even more that you

Response

have lived near the heart of nature where you are inclined to "look through nature up to nature's God." The older we grow the more sure we are of the truth of the line in our copy-books: "God made the country, and Man made the town." Any man born in the country, who spent his boyhood on the farm, must read with approval a recent article by Mr. Bryan, in which he describes the advantages of a life next the soil. The farmer, he says, is the firm foundation on which all other classes rest. "The farm gives a good foundation for mental training. Habits of appreciation, of industry, and of thoroughness come naturally in school to the boy who has been trained to farm work."

Not only does the farm furnish mental athletes for the city, but the average farmer possesses more information of general value than the average resident of a city. If he has not always read the latest fiction,

By D. C. Heath

or the most sensational criminal news, he has generally read something fully as useful. The long evenings of the winter, the rainy days of summer, and the Sabbath days throughout the year give him many hours for reading, and while at work he has more time for meditation and for the digestion of what he reads than those employed in other kinds of labor.

He is not afflicted with insomnia, or troubled with nervous prostration. He has the "sound mind in the sound body" which has been sought in every age.

The farmer learns the true basis of rewards. He learns to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of product.

The child raised upon the farm has the advantage of steady and useful occupation so necessary to self-respect and to the up-building of manly and womanly character. As childhood advances toward youth and maturity, the difficulty is to find a

Response

wise employment of the leisure hours — to give the boy or girl brought up in a limited environment a broad view and a correct perspective of life. In no way can this be so well done as by an acquaintance with good books, entertaining books, even amusing books, but always books written by a master hand in the service of a pure heart and a clear vision.

Thinking of this need, which was mine when I was a lad here, it has seemed to me that I could not better express my interest in you and my love for my dear old home than by placing in your hands five hundred dollars to be used for the purchase of good books by reputable authors as a nucleus for a Library of permanent value. And, when you have collected a Library of such size and merit as to demand a special building for housing it, it will be to me an added pleasure to give to this little town of my birth a suitable home for that Library, to

By D. C. Heath

be called "The Charles M. Heath Memorial Library," in honor of my brother who was born and reared here, who passed most of his short life in your midst, and who, when he was married and wished to establish a home of his own, turned to Salem as his choice,—to Salem, "the habitation of peace."

BORN

SALEM, MAINE,

JAN. 26, 1838.

DIED

FARMINGTON, MAINE,

DEC. 31, 1861.



CHARLES M. HEATH

Old Home Day

CHAIRMAN :

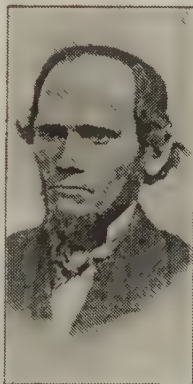
We expected to have with us to-day Charles H. Pease of Holliston, Mass., the son of Albert Pease who formerly lived in the western part of the town, on the road to Phillips. Mr. Pease was to give us some reminiscences concerning that part of Salem. He found, at the last moment, that he was unable to be present, and kindly offered to send us an account of the town written by his father for the *Farmington Chronicle* in 1862. This interesting History really comes first in order of time, and I am going to ask Brother Abel Pottle, whose voice all of you can hear, to read it at this time. Mr. Charles Pease, in sending this copy of the *Chronicle*, said concerning his father: "He was a somewhat peculiar man and old-fashioned, but was solicitous for the best interests of mankind, and withal liberal in his views."

ANNALS

OF THE TOWN OF SALEM, MAINE,
PREPARED IN 1862 FOR THE FARMINGTON
CHRONICLE

BY ALBERT PEASE

SALEM, in the County of Franklin, State of Maine, is a small town, comprising the basin or valley between Mount Abram and elevated lands lying in Phillips and Freeman. It was taken from the latter towns and the Mount Abram township. It was incorporated in 1823, and was called North Salem, until 1843, when the name was changed to Salem. The face of the land is very handsome, being mostly level, or gently rolling, or gently declining from the heights above mentioned; except the westerly part, which is somewhat



ALBERT PEASE

Annals of Salem

broken into hills, interspersed with low intervalles, bogs and natural meadows. The soil is a gravelly loam, except the hill slopes and meadows. The original growth was beech, birch and maple; the second growth, poplar and white birch. The land, on first being cleared, gave abundant returns; and vast quantities of wheat, oats and grass seed have been carried to adjacent towns for sale. And even under the plough, the crops, for a series of years, were very remunerative. Nearly the whole area of the town has been cleared, and there is but little land, except in the western part of the town, that is not occupied by farms. But such is the nature of the soil, being quick, warm, and offering no impediments to the plough, that much of the land has been exhausted of its original fertility. Many farms in the western part of the town have been abandoned, and have grown up to bushes; in many places affording a good

By Albert Pease

opportunity for a second clearing. Other tracts are more sparsely occupied by bushes, and afford grass enough if any adequate protection could be had against dogs, to furnish a good range for sheep. There are large tracts that could be bought for a mere trifle, where, but for the risk of dogs, sheep would find a real paradise.

From the causes above mentioned the population of the town is not as great as it has been at a previous period. — In wandering through the bushes, particularly in the western part of the town, one comes suddenly upon the ruins of habitations where once lived a numerous family. Other farms with buildings are tenantless, and one school house stands deserted, because the people for whom it was built, have departed. This town affords a good opportunity for the enterprising and industrious, to buy cheap farms, and tracts of unoccupied land. Many farms are to be

Annals of Salem

sold very cheap that have good buildings. And there are deposits of muck scattered at convenient distances all over the town.

Settlements were commenced in what is now the town of Salem, in 1815. The first chopping was made by Benjamin Heath, now living at the village. Mr. Heath was from Farmington. The place where he made his clearing is where Freedom Richards now lives. Before he moved, however, two others, Israel Doble and Albert Hayford, from Hartford moved into the place, and commenced clearing on the place where James Hackett now lives. Benj. Heath moved in about a year after Doble and Hayford, and soon his father, Benj. Heath, and his brother, Simeon A. Heath, came in and built a saw-mill and gristmill where the village now is. Mr. Heath, 2d, relates that he first felled about thirteen acres of trees, burned his chopping, cleared an acre and a half, which he

By Albert Pease

sowed to wheat and barley, and planted the rest of his chopping to corn, among the logs. There came a frost on the ninth day of August and completely destroyed his whole crop. He junked it the next fall and in the spring he changed work with a Mr. Fathergill, who had a clearing in what is now Freeman, and Samuel Church, who was clearing in Salem, and piled their pieces by hand. A misfortune happened, after they had piled the pieces of his two associates. They had piled only one day on Heath's lot, when, one Sunday, they thought they would make some beer. They had a large kettle, and had got their ingredients completely boiled, and Heath and Church were lifting it off the fire, when the bail came out, and scalded Church on the foot so badly that the skin came off with his stocking. Here was a bad case. Fathergill had left, and Heath had to clear his piece alone, Church being

Annals of Salem

able to do only the cooking. Heath cleared it, however, and got his wheat harrowed in on the 4th day of May. On the day he finished, there came four inches of snow. He had a good crop, averaging 25 bushels to the acre. That year he sold wheat to the people of Farmington.

Mr. Heath states that while chopping his trees, being at work all alone, he heard, for several days, the sound of some one chopping at a distance. After a while he went to seek his neighbor. When he found him, the latter had just cut his foot so badly that he could not walk, and it was bleeding so as to endanger his life. Heath peeled some alder bark, pounded it up, and bound it on to the wound, thereby stopping the blood. He helped him to his camp, and help coming in the next day, he was carried out. His name was Bragdon. He was a deserter from the army and was afterwards taken, carried back, and shot.

By Albert Pease

Mr. Doble lived in town till 1858, when he moved to Strong and is living with his son-in-law, not far from the village. While living in town, he cleared the farm lately owned by Jonathan Daggett. He is now 72 years old, and relates with much interest his experience and vicissitudes in a pioneer life. Before he moved into Salem he lived for about six weeks in Freeman. While there the people of the place had what they call a peace frolic. They burned a great deal of powder and drank a great deal of rum, many getting drunk who never got drunk before. They tried to get the town to pay the bills, and contested in town meeting for that purpose, but without success. Those who drank the rum and burned the powder had to pay for it. He states that in the month of February, previous to his moving in, the ground was bare. In March, following, however, there were four feet of snow. Previous to

Annals of Salem

moving, he went in with others to make his clearing, and cut roads, bringing his provisions from Hartford. They went in by the town line between Phillips and Freeman. This led them into the vicinity of where the village now is, where they began their settlement. While cutting the road, toward nightfall, late in autumn, on a foggy day, they started for their camp. They got lost, and had to stop for the night. They struck fire with a flint and jack knife, catching the spark with a piece of spunk that one of them chanced to have in his pocket. There were four of them, Doble and Hayford and Samuel and Daniel Church. Hayford and Daniel Church lay down and went to sleep. The others lighted a torch and continued their search for the camp. They soon found a large pine stub, into which they put their torch, and soon had a great fire. They went back and got their companions, and spent the night by the stub.

By Albert Pease

Next morning they came out where Moody Burbank now lives, in Phillips. They all lost their crops the first season, by the frost on the ninth of August. Next season they had a great fire in the meadow, on the farm where Albert Pease now lives, which swept over a great part of the country. He had a sable line from where James Hackett now lives, extending westerly to what is now the town of Madrid. He went out on this line one cold day in December, when night overtook him. He got some spruce bushes, swept the snow from a space, then lopped spruce together to make a shelter, picked boughs for a bed, and lay down and slept soundly till morning.

Mr. Hayford is now 77 years old. He is now living in Salem with his son. He raised a large family of fourteen children, his daughter Artemina being the first white child born in the town. All of his children but one lived to grow up, and eleven of

Annals of Salem

them are yet living. The settlements thus commenced seem to have grown quite rapidly. John Church, with his sons, David and Samuel, moved in shortly after the first settlers. John Church, the father, afterwards moved to Farmington and died there. David seems to have been a somewhat prominent man. He was the first town clerk, and the first that went as representative to the Legislature. He married a daughter of Samuel Blake, Esq., of Phillips. He moved from Salem to Phillips, and from thence to Farmington, where he died. Samuel died in Salem, on the place where William Clark now lives; and was buried in Farmington. Daniel Church moved from Farmington with the first settlers. He lived where G. W. Williams now lives; afterwards moved back to Farmington and died there. Isaac Clark was one of the first settlers of Salem. He lived on the place where his son, Harrison, now lives.

By Albert Pease

Though close and prudent in conducting his business affairs generally, he was public spirited and generous to the town. He was much in business for the town, and usually charged but 75 cents per day for his services. In looking over the town records, I find an instance of his being paid two dollars for the privilege of a road passing across his land, a privilege that most people would have charged 25 dollars for. He moved to Hallowell, and died there, aged 72.

Ephraim Nickerson moved into Salem about five years after the first settlers. He lived on the farm where Jeremiah D. Ellsworth now lives. He carried on a large business in the line of clearing land, etc., and was often chosen to do business for the town. He exchanged farms with William Ellsworth of Strong, and after living there awhile, moved to the West.

Paul Robinson, about the same time

Annals of Salem

moved into the town, and lived on the farm now occupied by Elias Winslow. He raised a large family, and did a great deal of business in raising grain and grass seed. He built a clover mill on the stream near his house, and afterwards at the village. He moved to Wilton, and afterwards to the Western States.

Robert Blake, a hard-working, thriving man, moved into the town in 1819 from Mt. Vernon. He is living now at the village; his son, Rufus K., living on the farm where his father lived.

John Tarr, an early settler, lived on the place where Wm. Seavy now lives; he died in Salem.

William Carl, an early settler, lived where Eli Brackley now lives and died in Salem.

Daniel Graffam was an early settler; his son Daniel D. is now living on his father's farm. Mr. Graffam died in Salem.

By Albert Pease

Eben Briggs moved in about 1825. He died in Salem in 1856.

Stephen Whitney moved into the place in 1826, died in 1859.

Joseph Lovejoy moved in in 1826. He dropped dead in the streets of Phillips village in 1860.

James Taylor, an early settler, lived in the northwestern part of Salem, where John C. Heath now lives. He went to Bangor with a pair of oxen for sale, sold his oxen, put up at the tavern, and was heard from no more.

Moses Patterson was among the first settlers. He cleared a farm in the northeasterly part of the town, afterwards purchased the mills, and moved to the village, where he now lives.

Jacob Sweat lived where Joseph Bangs now lives. He was representative to the legislature.

Nathaniel Richards and John Richards,

Annals of Salem

brothers, and David Richards, their cousin, moved from Leeds at an early period. These died in Salem, and have numerous descendants living in the town.

Amos Barker, an early settler, lived where James T. Fulsom now lives. He was killed by a sled loaded with hay passing over him.

George Carl, an early settler, lived up on the side of Mt. Abram, was sent to the legislature as representative. Report says it spoiled him. He moved away. Other individuals are spoken of as having lived in town at an early period, and as having moved away.

Daniel Towers, one of the first settlers, sold to Daniel Clark and moved to the Western States.

David Harlow lived at the foot of Mt. Abram; moved to Strong where he now lives.

Eben Collier, lived afterwards in Jay, moved finally to the West.

By Albert Pease

Joshua Soule, I think, moved to the West. Others are mentioned by the inhabitants as early settlers, or whose names are found in the early records of the town of whom there is no special account. Among these are Levi Stevens, Peter Gay, Oliver Turner, O. Turner, Jr., John H. Patterson, Samuel Brown, Dennis Brown, Daniel Clough, Robert Nevins, and Daniel Collins, Jr.

Many are the perils and trials incident to a pioneer life. But attendant on these, there are advantages not enjoyed by older settlements. Benjamin Heath relates that during the first spring he spent in the town, he made two barrels of maple molasses. He also states that he had a payment of \$75 to make for his land. He had no means of procuring the money except hunting. He collected a lot of furs, carried them to Norridgewock, and sold them to John Ware. He got his \$75 and had four skins left.

Annals of Salem

One of those accidents so imminent and common in new settlements is related by Mr. Heath. His sister went, just at night, after the cows and got lost in the woods. She had wandered away into the low grounds, east of where Wm. Witham, Esq., now lives. After much difficulty he found her. But in his anxiety he had lost the bearings and had become lost himself. He hallooed, and not being very far off, was heard and answered at the settlement at the mills. But he was also heard in another direction. In this dilemma, he called out with all his might, "Strike with the mill-bar!" The people caught the sound of "mill-bar," and the sound of iron striking on iron soon led him out.

When a few families had settled around the mills, they built a log school house, hired a mistress and put a school in operation in the winter. A large boy by the name of David Cressy lived with Simeon A.

By Albert Pease

Heath, and went to school. Being imbued with the notion, so current among a certain class of politicians in these days, that "might makes right," he used to amuse himself during the intermissions by plunging the scholars into the snow and abusing them generally. The mistress did not dare to meddle with him, the neighbors were loth to interfere, and they were in much trouble. At length, Albert Hayford having come down to mill, heard an outcry among the scholars. He went out to meet them as they were running in mortal fear from Cressy, some of them bleeding from wounds received from him. Mr. Hayford had a whip stock made of ash-wood, split into strands and braided, and covered with leather. He kept his weapon behind him till getting near enough, he caught Cressy by the collar and gave him a sound thrashing with it. No more trouble was had from him in the school. After a number of years

Annals of Salem

Hayford met him at Readfield Corner. In the meantime, Cressy, it seems, had not only grown older but wiser. He greeted Hayford cordially, acknowledged the "licking" to be the best he had ever received, and that it did him good, invited him to drink, according to the custom of the times, and treated him to the best.

As is quite unusual in such cases, the incorporation of the town was much opposed. Col. Jewett of Norridgewock, agent for the Mt. Abram Township; Mr. Abbott, agent of Mr. Phillips of Boston, proprietor of the town of Phillips, and the town of Phillips itself, united to oppose it. By a little adroit management, however, on the part of the petitioners and their friends, the thing was pushed along in the legislature, and when Elder Dyer, whom the town of Phillips had sent to oppose the incorporation of the town, was going down to Augusta, he met David

By Albert Pease

Church with the act of incorporation in his hand.

At the time of the incorporation of the towns, Jan. 1823, Albion K. Parris was Governor, Daniel Rose President of the Senate, and Benjamin Ames Speaker of the House. The first meeting of the town was called by Samuel Blake, Esq. of Phillips. Met at Simeon A. Heath's in April, 1823. Joshua Soule was chosen moderator, David Church, clerk; Ebenezer Collier, Ephraim Nickerson and David Church, Selectmen; James Taylor and Peter Gay, Tithingmen. They raised \$20 to defray town charges, \$400 to support schools. Economy seems to have been a ruling principle with the early townsmen. So late as 1829 the town voted the school money paid in corn and grain. Corn and rye 75 cents per bushel, wheat \$1.00.

As previously mentioned, Benjamin Heath, 1st, with his son Simeon A., moved

Annals of Salem

into the place from Farmington and built a saw mill and grist mill, soon after the first families moved in. Rufus Davis, now of Hallowell, was master workman on the saw mill, and Hattel Braley, of Phillips, on the grist mill. After eight or ten years a freshet carried the mills away. They were rebuilt and sold to a number of men living in Salem. These last sold to John Smith, Esq. of Readfield; who built anew. Solomon Luce of New Vineyard was master workman. During the building the hands boarded with Benj. Heath, 2d. Mrs. Heath had twenty in the family, and did all the work, and her husband sick with rheumatism a part of the time. She died at the age of 62. After this the mills passed through a number of hands, until they were sold to Moses Patterson & Co., the present owners. Patterson & Co. built a starch factory in which they did considerable business for a time. This

By Albert Pease

is now idle. From the small size of the place, and its isolated position, mercantile pursuits have been limited in extent, and fluctuating in duration. Among the many who have traded in the place some have done a good business, but the most have done but a small business. Among those that have traded in the town since its first settlement, the following are the principal : William Heath, Greenleaf Davis, Benj. Eastman, Wm. Dicky, Wallender & Ridgeway, Capt. John Heath, Hiram Wright who had his store and goods burned where Esq. Patterson's house now stands ; then John F. Russ, Heath & Porter, Blake & Porter, Porter, Charles Heath, David Eades, Prescott Newman, Robert Blake, Dudley Briggs, and now, James Dodge, Jr., scarcely ever two at a time, but one succeeding another.

Blacksmithing has been carried on by Benj. Heath, Daniel Heath now of Farm-

Annals of Salem

ington, James Dodge, Wm. Lovejoy, and now James Collins. Other branches of manufacturing have been carried on to but limited extent, if at all.

There has never been a meeting house in town, but meetings have been held in dwelling houses and school houses, and lately in the town house. There is now a small society of Methodists, one of Free-will Baptists, and one of Universalists, these being the only organized societies; who each maintain preaching in town; supported in part by a ministerial fund. An interesting feature of the town is the graveyard, situated at a corner of the roads near the center of the town, where repose many of those who leveled the forest, and turned it into a fruitful field.

Ofi did the harvest to their sickles yield ;
Their furrow off the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield ;
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Old Home Day

CHAIRMAN :

Benjamin Heath was one of the pioneers of Salem and, as a blacksmith, set up his anvil in the woods. I think his anvil must have been the one referred to when two strangers met at the cross-roads in the woods and one asked the other if he knew where there was a blacksmith shop. "Why, you are in a blacksmith's shop now," was the answer, "but the anvil is three miles away." The grandson of this blacksmith, whose shop was the town of Salem, has lived in Salem all his life and has held many public offices here. He has been asked to prepare a history of the town and has kindly, but reluctantly, consented to do the best he could with the meagre material at hand. His father was also Benjamin Heath, prominent among the early settlers. I refer, of course, to Mr. Walter S. Heath.

Mr. Heath, in writing me about his History, said : " I have tried to make it

Old Home Day

as brief as possible and have really cut off the end lest I should not leave quite enough room for reminiscences by others. I searched the records of Phillips, Freeman, and Salem to get what I have written and it is all based upon the facts thus gathered. I realize that it is a skeleton rather than a well clothed body, or in other words, it is more of a Chronology than a History. But, such as it is, I give it to you, hoping that in due time we may get material enough to make a fairly complete History of the town with all its people and events."

A Brief Early History OF THE TOWN OF SALEM, MAINE

BY WALTER S. HEATH

IN 1814 one Benjamin Heath, Jr., a blacksmith from Farmington, came to this section, then known as a part of Phillips, and selected Lot No. 16 in the 6th Range, upon which he felled several acres of trees. Returning in the fall to his home in Farmington, he made his preparations for the next year. In 1815 he again came here accompanied by Albert Hayford and Israel Doble of Canton. Heath partially cleared his first chopping, planted it to corn and then felled more trees and built a log-house. Early in the fall a frost killed all his corn, which dulled his courage for a short period, causing him to change his plans for a time. When, recovering from this he took his traps, started for the woods

Brief History

upon a hunt, and upon his return had fur enough to pay for his lot. Albert Hayford settled upon Lot 15 Range 6, and Israel Doble upon Lot 15 Range 7, thus bringing the three very near together, and for a time these sturdy pioneers' axes could be heard all around the circuit as they felled the lofty maples.

Albert Hayford was the first to move his family here, in the early part of 1816, but was followed very closely by Heath and Doble. Later in the same season David and Samuel Church of Farmington came up the spotted line from the Dyar neighborhood. In 1817, Benjamin Heath, 1st, and his son, Simeon A., came and settled upon Lot 16 Range 8, and soon built the Heath Mill, so called.

By this time settlers began to come into the northwest part of Freeman and a town organization was the main topic of conversation at all public gatherings. The

By Walter S. Heath

first road laid into this section, of which we find any record, was laid by the town of Freeman in 1818, extending from Isaac Mayo's to Paul Robinson's.

In that part of Salem formerly a part of Freeman, the first settlers were Ebenezer Collier, Zack Clough, Ephraim Nickerson, Robert Blake, Isaac Porter, Moses Patterson, Peter Gay, Eben Briggs, Merit Dyar, David Harlow, Oliver Turner and Elijah Heath.

In that part of Salem formerly a part of Phillips the Heaths, Hayfords, Dobles and Churches were soon followed by Daniel Graffam, Abram Tarr, James Taylor and the Carls.

INCORPORATED AS NORTH SALEM

In 1821 a petition was in circulation for a town to be known as North Salem. In the winter of 1822-23 this petition, headed by Isaac Clark, was presented to

Brief History

the Legislature and granted in the face of strong opposition from Freeman and Phillips. Freeman, having declared strongly in opposition to the incorporation of North Salem, chose a committee of five, viz.: Jonathan Brown, Barnabas Whitney, Simon Putnam, Thomas Pennell and John Welcome, to go before the Legislature and oppose it. Phillips also voted to oppose it. In the House of Representatives, January 10, 1823, the acts of incorporation were approved by Governor Albion K. Parris. From the annals of the Town we glean the following facts:

In 1823 the total valuation of the Town was \$4,362.70.

First town meeting was called at S. A. Heath's barn, May 10, 1823.

First board selectmen: Ebenezer Collier, Ephraim Nickerson, David Church.

First town clerk, David Church.

These town officers have left a record

By Walter S. Heath

of which any Town would be proud. As they were continued in office several years, we believe their services were highly prized.

First School Board: Robert Blake, S. A. Heath and Oliver Turner.

Voted that future meetings be called by posting warrant at S. A. Heath's grist mill.

Whole number of poll tax-payers in 1823, 53; tax, \$1.47.

Houses and barns were valued and taxed separately. Whole number of houses taxed, 13; valued from \$10.00 to \$45.00. Whole number of barns taxed, 17; valued from \$10.00 to \$29.00.

In 1824 the town voted that each soldier be allowed twenty cents on his yearly tax to pay for his dinner on muster day.

In 1825 the town of Salem paid Daniel Clough sixty-four dollars for building a bridge at Heath's mill in the town of Phillips in the year 1821. This job was

Brief History

taken by contract of the town of Phillips.

In 1827 another black mark appears against the town of Phillips in the fact that they cheated the little town of Salem out of their proportion of school fund for the year 1823.

In 1828 the town voted to raise five dollars to furnish ammunition for her soldiers on muster days.

FIRST POST-OFFICE

In the year 1828 a post-office was established, and Simeon A. Heath appointed post-master. Prior to this time a sort of temporary post-office had been established here for several years, to which mail was brought from Marshall Whitney's at Freeman Centre, the nearest post-office.

In 1829 school teachers were paid in grain for their services.

In 1830 and 1831 Peleg Durfey and

By Walter S. Heath

Greenlief Davis, on complaint of Samuel Blake of Phillips, were fined for selling liquors, and in 1832 the town voted to pay back the fine.

In 1830 Oliver Turner, Jr., who was chosen Captain of the first Military Company ever organized in Salem, resigned, and Abram A. Heath was elected August 7th; Lieutenant, Abram L. Hammond; Ensign, Abram Tarr. In 1833 Abram L. Hammond was chosen Captain, Willison Clark, Lieutenant.

In 1834 *North* was dropped from the name and the town was called *Salem*.

In 1835 Willison Clark was chosen Captain, Joseph Soule, Lieutenant, Charles D. Ellsworth, Ensign.

In 1835 the first Representative to the Legislature, George Carl, was chosen.

In 1836 an agitation was begun in favor of a County road from Salem through Redington to the Robert Mann farm on

Brief History

Dead River, and a petition was presented to the County Commissioners, who, after viewing the route, denied the petition.

In 1837 wolves made their appearance in such numbers that the town chose a committee to confer with other towns in devising means to exterminate them. They sucked the blood of many a fat sheep, ate slices of steak from young colts, treed boys, and did lots of other wicked things. The late E. G. Blake of Farmington could truthfully say that the wolves were a terror, having been driven by then up a tree at noonday and there obliged to remain until rescued at 5 p. m. by his father.

The town voted that its surplus revenue be let under the supervision of three directors to persons in town in sums from twenty-five to fifty dollars.

July 13, 1838, Benj. Heath, Jr., was elected Quarter-Master; July 24, Daniel Heath was elected Adjutant - General.

By Walter S. Heath

1838 Joshua Soule was appointed post-master, and a new mail route established running from Strong to Salem.

1839. Joshua Soule was elected Representative from Salem District.

In 1840 Wm. S. Pottle was drowned in the Oliver pond.

In 1841 Simeon A. Heath was appointed post-master, and Frederick Richards, Captain of Infantry Co.; Andrew C. Keen, Lieutenant.

In 1842 an accident happened to one Abram A. Heath, a soldier, while saluting officers just elected. He lost a hand by the bursting of his gun. This year, 1842, seems to be the most noted year in this town's history, as there were ten couples published, and all parties thereto were residents of Salem at the time.

1843. John F. Russ was appointed post-master, October 12. First muster held in Salem, September, 1843.

Brief History

1845. Benj. B. Bradbury (the notoriously stubborn jurymen, who stood out against eleven others in a certain case tried before them, and was vindicated at the next term of court), was appointed postmaster.

Samuel S. Lambert was chosen Representative to the Legislature.

VALLEY ROAD BUILT

1846. The Valley Road to Strong was built, which was a great convenience to parties who transported lumber and other heavy freight "down river."

In this year a jolly old school teacher by the name of Towle used to sling the heels of his long-legged boys so high that they would leave their prints in the ceiling.

A starch factory was built by a company consisting of Moses Patterson, Samuel S. Lambert, and Robert Blake. This seemed

By Walter S. Heath

to give the town a slight boom for a few years, but in the end was a damage to the land if not to the owners.

1849. Daniel Heath was appointed post-master.

1850. Abram A. Heath was chosen Representative.

In 1851, Oct. 4, Company H of Riflemen, First Regiment, was organized. James Davis, Captain; Daniel Heath, First Lieutenant; S. S. Lambert, Second Lieutenant. After the completion of this company organization, a band was organized, consisting of eleven pieces, the music from which we think we can now hear, though we can no longer see those officers and soldiers parade so proudly up and down the streets.

In 1853 Wm. B. Porter was appointed post-master.

In 1854 Moses Patterson was appointed post-master. Old Master Cush-

Brief History

man taught a private school in the Mills District. Had a leather pocket in his vest in which he carried his snuff, frequently taking it out between his thumb and fingers and throwing it at his nose, as the pitcher throws the ball; but as his hand was a little unsteady, he occasionally dropped large bunches upon the floor, which was a bad practice, as all the girls, now old maids, got in the habit of following him around to take snuff and have not wholly forgotten the practice yet.

1855. Occurred the most destructive freshet ever known in Salem, destroying roads and bridges, and carrying away the saw-mill, a blacksmith shop, and upsetting the grist-mill and ruining the starch factory.

1855. Daniel Heath fearing damage by the flood takes his family upon his back through water 2 ft. deep to a place of safety and Wm. B. Porter also removed his family and all his household goods in

By Walter S. Heath

great haste from their home. Luckily however the flood soon subsided and their homes were left but slightly damaged.

1857. Jeremiah Porter was appointed post-master, and Abel Pottle chosen Representative. He carried a petition, signed by a large majority of Salem tax-payers, before the Legislature asking the right to turn the Quick Stream. Petition granted, and the stream turned the following year, which proved to be a great saving to the town in repairs of roads and bridges.

TOWN HOUSE

1858. Town House built by contract by Cyrus J. Ellsworth. The first service ever held in this house was the funeral of Benjamin Heath, Jr. Sermon by Rev. Ezra Winslow, July 8, 1858.

1860. Small-pox breaks out in Salem, but luckily is confined to one family in which but one case proves fatal.

Brief History

1861. The diphtheria becomes epidemic, and upwards of thirty deaths within the year result, mostly among those under twenty-one years of age. Moses Patterson appointed post-master.

1862. The last military organization effected in Salem, with Charles Clayton, Captain; W. S. Heath, Lieutenant.

1863. Daniel Graffam appointed post-master, but moved from town before being commissioned.

1864. George W. Mills appointed post-master. Salem furnished twenty-three soldiers for the Civil War, only ten of whom ever returned home.

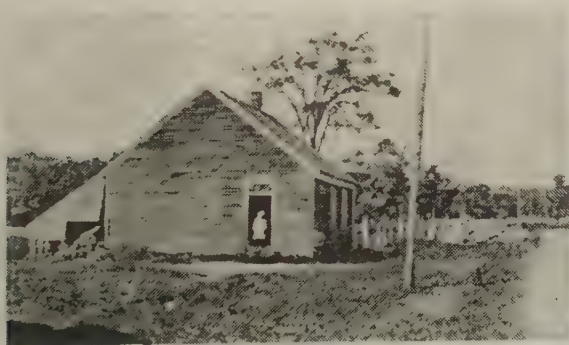
1865. Again the tide of emigration turns westward and several families turn their faces that way. Joseph Bangs chosen Representative.

May 2, 1870, Benj. Heath, the first pioneer of Salem dies at the age of 82 years 7 months.

By Walter S. Heath

1877. The most destructive fire ever known in Salem destroys the home of Geo. W. Mills together with some stock.

1884. The last surviving petitioner for the incorporation of Salem, Daniel W. Graffam, passes away at the age of 91 years and 5 months; just prior to the advent of the railroad in which he was so much interested.



THE OLD RED SCHOOL HOUSE

Old Home Day

CHAIRMAN : Now let us take a drink from the " Old Oaken Bucket " and make it a refreshing loving-cup.

9. Singing — The Old Oaken Bucket —

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

Chorus.

At Salem

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

CHAIRMAN: I had an acquaintance with Charley Bangs, not here only, but also at the Academy at Farmington, and later at Lewiston when we roomed together preparing for college. During this intimate acquaintance, I learned of his poetic temperament and, after seeing a poem of his in the *Chronicle* a few years ago, on an Old Home Week, I had no hesitation in asking him to prepare a poem for Salem's Old Home Day.

POEM

BY CHARLES H. BANGS OF EVERETT, MASS.

We 've come to-day to greet old friends,
In this, our native town,
But Time has kept his score with us
And Age has chalked it down.



CHARLES H. BANGS

In silvering hair and wrinkles' trace,
We can but ill disguise;
Yet soon forget when warm, clasped
hands
Are backed by welcoming eyes,
And lips recall those bygone days
Which rouse some youthful thrill,
Till trooping scenes, marched in re-
view,
Our thoughts and mem'ries fill.

Now we've come back, who've long
been gone
In quest of bread, or eke renown,
And homage pay to those who stay
To guard the dear old town.
While not for strangers here, alone
Have welcoming bells been rung,

By Charles H. Bangs

And stories told of days of old
And sweet old songs been sung;
But first, to-day, to square the score
On which old Time's intent;
We'll whirl his dial back on him
Till every wheel and cog is bent;
For well we know how he deceives;
(So often to our sorrow.)
He holds in check our joys, to-day,
And slyly hints, to-morrow,
Till we, long since, have wisely grown
Distrustful of his capers;
He may be, e'en while marching on,
Now making out our papers.
But as we turn his dial back,
For fifty years, about,
When every waking hour of ours
Seemed filled with laugh or shout,
We wonder now with all our souls,
Why we'd no thought to linger,
Instead of rushing gaily on
At beckon of his finger.
'T is true enough, in those old days
He treated us more kindly,
But that was just his artful game

Poem

That we might follow blindly;
Since, when he has us in his power,
 (You know our pitiful cases.)
Right grimly now he guides the plough
 That 's furrowing up our faces.
But though we 're bound behind his wheel,
 To-day, we 'll slip the tether,
And roaming back like children tired,
 Beneath the old roof gather.
And hear from those dear lips, long dumb,
 The mother's crooning song;
Sweet tones, that wooed in childhood's days
 To slumbers deep and long,
Shall all the burdening years dispel
 With that same magic wand,
Which wrought in yore its spell o'er us
 And echoes yet from mem'ry land.
And so in dreams of youth restored,
 We 'll pass the welcome night;
And dreaming still, at dawn we 'll find
 Youth's world, with rose tints bright.
Soft curls replace the locks of gray,
 Dimples, the wrinkles' traces ;
The mask of age is laid aside
 For one-time youthful faces.

By Charles H. Bangs

Again we hear the father's voice,
As sounds his morning call,
That summons us to task or school ;
The children, one and all,
Who, gathering 'round the breakfast board,
Partake the morning fare,
Joint product of the father's toil,
The mother's frugal care.

And now, once more in youthful glee
Our pattering feet shall find
The pleasant paths whereon they trod,
The early joys, long left behind.
Time's touch is now with gentle hand,
As in those days of yore,
And fancy paints in old-time hues
The earth and skies once more.
The silver lining of the cloud
Is turned full face our way,
While joyous shout comes bubbling out
To greet the dawning day.
The lowing kine with sounding bell
Salutes our listening ears,
And seems like some lost melody
From out the distant years.

Poem

And now again, our eyes behold
The school-house at the line,¹
Where first we learned, with A-B-C,
To delve in knowledge's mine.
Likewise, the same schoolmaster²
Who greets us here to-day,
Had then, at times, as he has now,
A most persuasive way ;
But we'll forgive his rod of birch
With which he rammed home lore,
And meekly stand with jackets tanned,
To feel like boys once more.
Yet there's one lesson he ne'er taught ;
Of full content we lack,

¹ This was a log school-house on my father's farm, four or five rods from the Barker farm, on the old road some thirty rods north of the present one, where it now crosses the line. My recollection of this time is not very distinct, and the most marked was the fact that one of the larger boys made and presented me with a small board hand-sled, thus showing that the seeds of knowledge were planted deep and those of pleasure near the surface.

² This is "poetic license," since I do not remember the teacher. Also the Hon. Joel Wilbur, who so ably entertained us at the Old Home meeting, is faithfully represented when I speak of his persuasive ability ; and sadly out of character with a rod in hand : but I am taking him as the representative of the school-master of that date.

By Charles D. Bangs

For the eyes of youth look forward,
As those of age turn back.
We envy, now, the larger boys ;
E'en wish that we were men.
We sigh for cares, that bring gray hairs ;
So foolish were we then,
Whose care-free eye could watch the skies
Where rainbow colors blend,
To madly seek with eager feet,
False treasure at its end.

But we have had our wish to-day,
So we won't moralize,
But hasten 'round 'mongst old time scenes
We now know how to prize.
We would, indeed, for this review,
The hours prolong, the moments stay ;
While all the vanished joys of youth
Were crowded in a single day.
But Time, 'gainst whom we 've filed complaint,
Grants us at least one favor ;
He sifts from life its bitterness,
And leaves the pleasant flavor.
So, when I speak of early days,
And mention joy and pleasure,

Poem

Don't think they raised in this old town
Mere gentlemen of leisure.
For those were strenuous times, indeed ;
Each day full marked with duty,
Here, every boy was trained for use,
Not ornament nor beauty.
The girls, likewise, lined up for work ;
(We 'd then no laws 'gainst labor)
'T was more in vogue to wash and bake
Than gossip with a neighbor.
So thus our holidays were rare,
And work-days steady diet ;
Yet still, we had our share of fun,
Not always staid or quiet,
For when it rained too hard to work,
We 'd oftime go a-fishing ;
Down through the stream, knee deep we'd
wade,
No better path were wishing.
And though the rain streamed down our backs
In torrents like a flood,
It simply added to our zest ;
It never chilled our blood.
And when the brook, beneath some tree
Would form a crystal pool

By Charles D. Bangs

Our peering eyes would see a trout
In its limpid waters, cool,
Whose length of spotted beauty seemed
(Half hidden 'neath a root)
To our excited vision,
To measure more 'n a foot.

O glorious hour of youth !
'T is thine, a golden prize,
When hopes and joys, as well as fish,
Seemed thrice their natural size;
And though the glamour 'bout the fish
May hold me still in thrall,
Some hopes I held in those old days
Have shrunk up mighty small.
But then, we're busy, all life's course,
Adjusting hopes anew,
Or finding ones to fit in place
Of those we've proved untrue.
Perhaps, in part, this helps explain
'The ingenuous joys of youth;
Each black cloud, then, seemed false omen,
The halo burst above it, truth.
But hark ! what are those sounds we hear ?
The muffled tramp of feet.

Poem

'T is Salem's old militia guard
Now marching up the street.
To roll of drum, and fife's shrill tone,
Give mem'ry now full sway;
And stand, please, at attention,
They 're marching past this way:
For all are there, in rank or file,
Each old-time face we knew;
How gladly would we 'compass earth
To greet them once anew.
And here, they 're coming into sight,
With steady march and tread;
Their eyes to front, their forms erect,
The Captain at their head.
And now, they 're wheeling into line
To offer us salute,
With motions military still;
The orders, though, are mute,
For of that goodly company
Of eighty men or more,
There 's left, this side the Great Divide,
But scarcely three or four.¹

¹ I was informed at the meeting, by Mr. Sumner Lovejoy, who again played the fife, accompanied by drums, immediately after the reading of these lines, that so far as he was aware, he was the only

By Charles H. Bangs

Now, while they 're standing here in line,
 With weapons at "*present*,"
Let all well scan each silent man,
 While reverent heads are bent.
To these, our fathers loyal proved,
 To State and friends most true,
Who 've gathered here to greet us now
 In this, their last review.
But now, once more, we 'll change the vein,
 For this is History's art,
To tell of deeds and acts long past:
 Mine is the lighter part.
And orators and speakers, all,
 Forgotten tales have told,
Recalling to our mind once more,
 Full many a deed of old.
And one has welcomed us in speech,
 But all have clasped our hand

living representative of Salem's old Militia Company. It seems to me rather a remarkable coincidence that an arrangement was made that the fife and drum should be played, entirely without the knowledge of the writer of these lines, till after they were read; and the nature of the lines was entirely unknown to the Committee of Arrangement, previous to their reading; and that one of the trio furnishing this reminder of Salem's military days should be the only surviving member of the old Company.

Poem

With depth of fulsome earnestness,
To meet each heart's demand.
But this has all been answered well
By one who knows the art;
Began, in fact, in early life,
To practice for the part.
'T is meet that *royal* welcome's answer be
By *prince* among good fellows;
He learned to blow, long years ago,¹
His father's blacksmith bellows.

For this brief day, we're boys at play,
But Time now claims his own,
And marshals us in line once more,
Who've gray and wrinkled grown.
So we'll fall in and catch the step,
This hope our flag at fore,
That when we land, no bigot hand
Has closed the open door.

¹ This seems my only chance to get back at my old friend, Collamore, who has possessed all his life a great faculty of making firm friends. Another faculty he seems to possess is that of estimating their ability, about as we estimate the size of the fish that broke our line, and then getting them to try to live up to it. This accounts for these lines, which I am inflicting upon the good old friends of my boyhood days in Salem.

Music

Music : Fife, Sumner Lovejoy ;
Drum, G. A. Page, Kingfield.

CHAIRMAN :

Among the Salem families that have made their mark in the world, none has been more prominent than the Pottle family. We are fortunate in having with us to-day Abel, who has been and still is an honored clergyman, and George, who has been honored by his neighbors with an election to the mayoralty of Lewiston, his present home, and is also one of the State assessors. I have forgiven them that their father (a Republican) once defeated mine (a Democrat) in an election to the legislature, and I have at the same time almost forgiven the boys that they beat me in the spelling matches. So they can be perfectly free to speak of these things in the memories they will now give of the Eastern part of the town, which extends from the Centre Bridge to the Kingfield line.

SOME MEMORIES

OF THE EASTERN PART OF THE TOWN

BY HON. GEORGE POTTLE

DEAR FRIENDS:— It would be impossible for me to express in words the satisfaction it gives me to meet you all on this occasion; here in the beautiful valley of good old Salem, surrounded on every hand by objects that suggest the scenes and events of other days.

First of all, I wish to express my gratitude to Collamore Heath, as we used to call him, the original and chief promoter of this reunion, and I desire to include all others who have coöperated with him in making all arrangements for a successful meeting. With them it has been a labor of love, and they deserve our heartfelt thanks.

It is now thirty-eight years, more than

By Hon. George Pottle

a generation, since I left my home in this town, as a boy, to make my own way in the world and work out my own destiny, and as the remaining members of our family removed hence a few years later, I have not kept in close touch with the town, with its affairs, and with its people, as I otherwise might have done.

It is true I have been here frequently ; have made yearly visits ; but they have been hurried trips ; a ride over through our old school district, past the little red school-house where many of the most precious hours of my early life were spent, and farther on to the spot where stood our old homestead, to look for the few familiar landmarks remaining there ; and then returning to yonder burial ground to stand by the graves of father and mother, of



GEORGE POTTLE

Some Memories

brothers and sisters,—all of blessed memory.

I do not know that I can recall much that occurred in that portion of the town that may interest you. It was a narrow horizon which surrounded that little neighborhood. "The annals of our lives were short and simple." There was the regular routine of seed-time and harvest, common to all rural communities; the endless chain, the plodding work upon the farm. We had few amusements. There were no traveling libraries in those days, and the few books and weekly newspapers we had were read and re-read until we almost knew them by heart. The events of the year were largely a repetition of the history of the year before, and of other years. "And thus they kept the noiseless tenor of their way." There were few families in the neighborhood, but most of them contained large groups of children. No

By Hon. George Pottle

happier homes existed anywhere than those in the eastern part of Salem. I can recall most of the older residents in those days. Besides my father, Abel Pottle, I can recall William Ellsworth, Ebenezer Briggs, Eben Briggs, Robert Blake, Rufus K. Blake, Colonel James Davis, Jeremiah D. Ellsworth, Thomas Leadbetter, Harrison Clark, Bartlett Lovejoy, Thomas Whittier, Samuel Perry, Hamilton Records and Robert Mann. One by one they have all passed to the great beyond. Their children are scattered far and wide, working out their own destiny in different sections of the country.

To-day, a trip through the old school district, once prosperous, now desolate, is a melancholy journey to one who lived there in those earlier and better days. Mount Abram alone retains all the beauty of its youth.

But the golden days of my earlier life

Some Memories

were the school days. Those hours I spent in the little red school-house. Looking forward to the ten or twelve weeks of the winter term lightened the burden of the wearisome toil on the farm in summer. I remember the school teachers of those days better than any one else. My first teacher at the summer term was Carrie F. Nash, a gifted and accomplished young woman. Her relatives, with whom she lived when here, removed from the town a few years later, and I have not had the privilege of meeting her since, until to-day. I rejoice that her voice will be heard in these exercises.

My teacher at the first winter term I attended was Sara May, whom some of you no doubt knew in her lifetime. In mind and heart, she was one of the noblest young women I have ever known. She became eminent as an educator, and after a long and useful career was summoned

By Hon. George Pottle

to her reward. Another and a most excellent teacher was Peninnah Davis, a resident of the school district. Many of you no doubt remember the pleasant home of her father, Colonel Davis, under the shadow of Mount Abram. Her discipline was very strict and exacting — unreasonably so, I then thought, but since my school days are over, looking backward, I honor her for the fact that she held us strictly to our studies and made us walk in the way we should go.

Another most efficient teacher was Walter S. Heath. He was born here, has lived among you a respected citizen all his days, and is one whose later years have been embittered and saddened by the loss of his three beloved children. I think we should all express our thanks to him for the able and interesting review of the history of the town which he has given us to-day.

Some Memories

I will mention only one more, William C. Winter of Kingfield, who taught our school in the winter of '61, preceding the Civil War. He was a most interesting young man, and quite well informed regarding our country's history. He used to talk with us much out of school hours, and I verily believe I learned more in that way than I did studying my books in school hours. After the close of the term Mr. Winter secured a position in Lewiston, and some months later, during the year, enlisted in the army of the Union. After honorable service he returned home shattered in health, soon to die. Lieut. William C. Winter is inscribed on our Soldiers' Monument in Lewiston among the names of those who gave their lives in defense of the liberties of our Country.

When I was a boy I often used to regret that my lot was cast in that quiet

By Hon. George Pottle

neighborhood. I often compared, with feelings of sorrow and considerable envy, the meagre privileges which I enjoyed, with those in reach of boys in villages and in the larger centres of population. But as I have grown older and have learned more of the practical problems of life, and, perhaps, see with a broader vision, I do not consider it a handicap or misfortune that one's early years are spent in a rural community. A few years ago I read in the Boston Herald a list of the higher salaried teachers, those occupying the most responsible positions in the public schools of Boston, schools conceded to be unexcelled in this country. Can you guess how many in that long list were Boston boys, or were educated in the schools of Boston? Only five!

"Where did they come from?" you may ask. A large portion of them came from small towns in Maine, New Hampshire,

Some Memories

Vermont and Massachusetts. Many of them could be traced back to the farm where in the school of experience they acquired a genius for labor, where they learned the lessons of industry and thrift! of patience, of self-reliance, of self denial! indispensable qualifications in the achievement of a useful and successful career.

One of them I knew. He was born and reared on a farm down in my own county of Androscoggin. His early life was not unlike that of other farmers' boys. When he was old enough he had to drive the team to plough, dig potatoes, milk cows and saw wood. He had to perform all the wearisome tasks that most farmers' boys have to perform. He went to the public schools, and later a few terms to an academy. But he never saw the inside of a college. He could not afford that. But he had a good head, a good mind, a good principle. He had the right kind of am-

By Hon. George Pottle

bition! he had a genius for educational work, and he advanced rapidly, and at the time of which I speak he was principal of one of the largest Grammar schools of Boston, with a large corps of teachers and one thousand pupils under his charge. Now, there was nothing unusual in the career of this farmer's boy. His history can be duplicated in the lives of thousands of New England farmers' sons. You will find them at the front in almost every State, in every occupation in life and first and foremost in every good work. Genius, no less surely than mediocrity, finds its level, and so I say that the farmers' boys have no cause for repining. There are greater possibilities in the future for them than for the petted sons of city homes.

My friends, the Hampdens, the Miltons, the Cromwells, are not all in the country church-yard laid. In every part of our land in the quiet homes of the Coun-

Some Memories

try-side, are thousands of boys, only lacking, only waiting for, the magic touch of opportunity. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil; their homely joys." Opportunity may not come to them all, but to many of them it surely will come if they are only ready to seize it.

From the ranks of such as these come the men who have fought our Country's battles, and have defended our flag upon the seas. They have been our bulwark of defense in time of danger, and when the storms and the clouds of strife have passed away, no less potent than in war, they have constituted the great conservative forces of peace and good citizenship.

From the ranks of such as these have come presidents, and governors; legislators and judges. From their ranks have come the shining lights of the pulpit and the bar. They have sent forth authors, poets, artists, musicians, our leaders in

By Hon. George Pottle

education, our leaders in journalism, our leading business men, our captains of industry. They have contributed the foremost men in every sphere of human activity.

With such as these, the future of our Country's progress and our Country's greatness is secure.

With such as these, the gentle spirit of our civilization will move onward, broadening its sphere of usefulness and extending its beneficent influence to all the peoples of the earth.

SOME MEMORIES

OF THE EASTERN PART OF THE TOWN

BY REV. ABEL W. POTTLE

My brother George in his address has so completely covered this theme that there is little left for me to say. I was born on September 23, 1834, — so that my memory goes back near threescore years and ten.

The eastern part of the town included the school district, extending from the Centre Bridge to Freeman line. In my early days this was considered the most flourishing part of the town, and sustained a school of fifty to sixty scholars. The farms were large and well cultivated. Land was cleared of the native forests and new and fruitful fields opened up. In those days the barns were well filled. Large

By Rev. Abel W. Pottle

herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were raised. A large surplus of farm products such as wheat, oats, peas, and grass seed, were sold in our nearest market, Hallowell, sixty miles away. In the winter the farmers would load up their pungs, lay in a stock of cooked food, and make the journey, sell their products, make their purchases for their families and on the third day reach home. Nearly all the farmers in those days were well to do and reared large families, from ten to fifteen children in each home. The neighbors lived in harmony and seemed to enjoy life.

Let me review the families of that school district, commencing with my own home. My father, Abel Pottle, owned a farm of nearly three hundred acres, with three large barns usually filled to the ridge pole. He had the distinction of raising the first barn in town *without rum*. My mother gave birth to fourteen children.

Some Memories

Two died in infancy. Two died in early childhood of scarlet fever. William was drowned at 16 years of age in 1840. Warren died at 19 in 1856. Almira married David Fales and died at the age of 36. My sister Mary at the age of 78 is now living. My brother Jeremiah lived to be over 70 years and died in Strong. William Henry went west, engaged in the dry goods business, and died two years ago at the age of 60 in Arkansas City, Kansas. My brother Charles is in Dakota and James Cyrus resides in Fresno, Cal. My respected father was one of the honored men of the town, serving several years on the board of selectmen, as supervisor of schools, and one term as Representative in the State Legislature. He died at the age of 73 years.

Over the way lived my uncle, William Ellsworth. He raised a large family, and was a successful, well-to-do farmer. All

By Rev. Abel W. Pottle

but one went west, and only one is now living, the youngest daughter, Mahala Pottle Ellsworth, who married Benjamin Peabody. She is with us to-day, having come all the way from their home at St. Charles, Minn. Our next door neighbor was Joseph Lovejoy. One of his sons, Marcellus, now 80 years old, resides here in town and is with us to-day. Then next lived George Briggs, who had three sons, Eben, Dudley, and George, and several daughters. They were respectable people and good neighbors.

Going on from "Uncle" Briggs we come to the Porter place, the grandsons of whom, Charles and Florian, are with us to-day. Nearly opposite lived Robert Blake. He lived in a brick house, and was a good farmer. He was well educated for those days and served several terms as supervisor of schools. He had several daughters. His sons were, Rufus, now

Some Memories

living in Farmington at 86 years of age; Eldbridge, William, Daniel, Robert, Lorenzo and John. I can remember when James C. Davis came to town and purchased land up under Mount Abram. His wife's father, Mr. Norton, lived further up on the mountain. He had two sons. Andrew is with us on this occasion. Tristram lives in the West. Then the girls were Sarah, Olive, Peninnah and Fidelia.

Down near the old schoolhouse lived William Ellsworth, the brother of my grandfather. There were at this time so many *William Ellsworths* that they were distinguished in this manner — "Old Bill," "Long Bill," "Little Bill," and "Whistling Bill." Between this place and the school house lived a Mr. Vining, a shoemaker, with a hair lip. Beyond the school house we come to the new home of Isaac Clark, a young man who commenced his married life here. He was the

By Rev. Abel W. Pottle

son of old "Squirere" Clark and brother of Wilson and Harrison Clark. He subsequently sold out to one Robert Mann, an Irishman with two maiden sisters. Here they lived and died.

Then we come to the Squire Clark place, located in the corner. This house and outbuildings in my day were kept up in good repair, and to my boyish eye it was a palatial residence. Then coming on toward the bridge we come to the residence of Harrison Clark. Here was a large family and a comfortable home. Only one of this family remains, Aphadilla, now residing in Salem and with us to-day. One daughter of Wilson Clark, Dorcas, from the far west, is here present on this occasion. Then there was the Lovejoy family, Bartlett, Sumner, and others. I remember Sumner, and am glad to meet him here to-day, and to know that he is as *full of music* as ever. Then there was Frank

Some Memories

Wood and John Collins, I remember, and possibly others. They are not with us. In all that territory which I have scanned in these remarks, and where once there was a large flourishing school, there is not to-day a living inhabitant. The school-house, the yard, the building are all gone, and the people are all gone. So it is: "Passing away" is written on all things here below. May we all attain to that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Old Home Day

NOTE: When Mr. George E. Dodge gave some reminiscences of the Dodge family, he expressed regret that the family had not had more mention in the histories and reminiscences given by others. Mr. Dodge was written to for a copy of his remarks to be put into this volume, but, not hearing from him, the committee has been obliged to go to press with the book without a transcript of what he said. This omission, and all other such omissions of names, and facts, are made of necessity, not from choice.

CHAIRMAN: I knew that if the Pottle boys claimed too much for the Eastern part of the town, we could match them in the Western part by such good men as Elbridge G. Heath and George W. Harris, whom we have persuaded to tell something of their "remissenses," as the old lady called them. I hope they'll consider that the Western part of the town begins where the Eastern part leaves off.

SOME MEMORIES
OF THE WESTERN PART OF THE TOWN
BY ELBRIDGE G. HEATH

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, RESPECTED KINSMAN
AND FRIENDS: —

IN looking forward eagerly to this event, I have been filled with emotions of joy and gladness which I did not then try to express ; and now I find myself here, destitute of words with which to voice my overwhelming joy and gratitude for the privilege of looking into the faces of so many of my early associates in this lovely valley. Every road and by-road, every brook and hill, with the grand old Mountain at the north, are indelibly impressed on my youthful memory, and make there a beautiful panorama, of which I am never weary. As I turn over the leaves of mem-

By Elbridge G. Heath

ory and view again the enchanting scenes of my childhood, the familiar, grand, old landmarks of nature, I am deeply impressed with the great change in all sublunary things. There is change in the mode of coming into this place, as well as change in the people on whom you look. The farms are all here and many of the old familiar buildings: but where, oh! where are the familiar forms, the pleasant smiling faces, and the unaffected, cheerful, and ever-cordial voices? They have gone forward into the beyond, and are now, perhaps, enjoying an old-home week with the *great majority* "*just over there,*" where neither anxiety, care, pain, nor sorrow, nor any of the fleeting elements of this ever-changing life will be permitted to disturb that peace and joy



ELBRIDGE G. HEATH

Some Memories

which we have not yet been able to attain or conceive. What a change there has been in the Hayford families since I left this town fifty-four years ago ! Then four families lived in a row, each farm touching the other. First Albert Hayford, and his three sons : Isaac, Zebedee and Washington. These four families contained thirty-two persons. Now Edwin Hayford alone remains as their representative on those farms. Mrs. Ella Smart, his sister, is a sojourner in town. Zebedee Hayford's family is well represented among the visitors here, and if numbers were to count, I think they would get the cake. Melvina Columbus, Cleoria and Celestia, with a great-granddaughter thrown in. M. C. C. C. = 1300. Two more C's should have been there, Celinda and Clarion. The next row of farms was occupied by Capt. F. Richards, D. Graffam, O. Graffam, Z. Austin, Taylor, Leadbetter, Barker, and Bangs. These

By Elbridge G. Heath

names bring to my mind many events of youthful joy and happiness when we were all here together. And now, what can I say concerning the Phillips Road? Many of the houses are gone, including the little red school-house, where forty of us scholars gathered for study in the winter of 1846-7. Now every house is vacant till you come to the Meadow Farm; not a family or a scholar in the District! I can only say, "Behold what havoc the scythe of Time has made" in this little corner of the world.

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for this courtesy, and ask you to accept my inexpressible gratitude for your *unyielding determination* to have this Reunion and the *very able manner* in which you have brought this very pleasant and enjoyable event to such a happy issue.

SOME MEMORIES

OF THE WESTERN PART OF THE TOWN

BY GEORGE W. HARRIS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It seems a little strange to me, and out of place to be called upon for remarks upon this occasion, after hearing such able and eloquent speakers as Rev. Abel Pottle, Geo. Pottle, E. G. Heath, and numerous others.

The speaker that preceded me, Elbridge G. Heath, has already recalled the old residents of the Western part of the town. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to say to you all to-day that I am proud that I was born in Salem, a small town in Maine; and I was about to say, the smallest and one of the most beautiful towns situated in this valley, with old

By George W. Harris

Mount Abram for a background, towering its lofty peak heavenward. What a picture! No artist ever has, or ever can paint so grand and so beautiful a picture. The question has arisen in my mind why and for what purpose we are assembled here to-day. It seems to me that we are here, not only to look into one another's faces, and shake the friendly hand, and greet those that have long been absent from us; but, my friends, we are here to recall to our memories scenes of our past, and bring fresh to our minds the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and more distant relatives that once lived here in Salem. Of these, some are here to-day and within the sound of my voice while a much larger number have long since gone to their Reward. Although



GEORGE W. HARRIS

Some Memories

the houses they used to occupy have crumbled to dust and their tombstones are covered with moss, their memories, their influence, and their examples are still fresh in my mind, and, I trust, in the minds of many of you who are seated here beneath these beautiful trees.

Salem may seem small in comparison with other towns. But looking over the records and seeing the names of men born and bred in this place who have gone from their early homes and are now holding the most responsible positions in towns, in counties, and in States, as preachers of the Gospel, publishers of books, mayors of cities, State Assessors, and school teachers, — we must consider Salem of considerable importance. We are blessed with two Churches which are well attended every Sabbath; and as to educational privileges, we have thirty-six weeks of school in the year. But unless a person

By George W. Harris

has some brain power and a natural instinct for his or her chosen occupation all the book knowledge and all the College Education will count for but little.

Look over our Governors of States and Presidents of the United States. Nine tenths of them are men of limited education, but men of brain force and will power enough to carry the whole machinery of State upon their shoulders and leave a lasting impression for good.

A word as to the young people of Salem, just coming upon the stage of action. They will soon be called upon to guide the ship which carries as cargo all the affairs of this life, and we feel safe and well assured that they cannot be excelled, or even duplicated, in point of morality, or of character, or in the surrounding influences stretched out before them. In closing let me say that it gives me great pleasure to meet this large and intelligent assembly on Salem's Old

Some Memories

Home Day, and to shake the friendly hand of kindred, friends, acquaintances, and neighbors of former years, long since rolled into eternity. My desire is that we may continue to celebrate Old Home Week in Salem. It is possible, though not at all sure, that the same persons that are gathered here to-day, will all meet on a like occasion for the same purpose in future years. But my desire and my prayer to that all-wise Being who is the Creator, Guider, and Ruler of this Universe is that we who are here assembled with the broad canopy of heaven over us for our shelter may so live and order our lives that, although we may not be permitted to meet again here in this life, when all these earthly scenes are closed to our view and all our work on earth is done, we may be assured of meeting as one unbroken family in the Haven of Eternal Rest.

MRS. UNDERWOOD'S REMINISCENCES

I AM requested to review upon this occasion my experiences as a teacher, in this town, from time to time, during the youth of many of you whom I am pleased to count among my most valued friends.

Beyond a few facts and incidents which may be of some interest as we compare the past with the present, I do not recall any occurrences worthy of especial mention, or other than those that come into the ordinary experiences of the country school teacher. I was happily surprised upon receiving an application to teach the school in the east district of this town. Though I was very



C. F. UNDERWOOD

Mrs. Underwood's

anxious to accept, my friends did not approve of my leaving home at so early an age, and feared that lack of mature judgment would result in failure. I prevailed, however, with my arguments and promises to do my best, not only for my own sake but for the interest of those under my charge.

It was on a lovely June morning when I said a reluctant good-bye to dear friends in my pleasant home, and with a pretense at bravery, started for my destination, more than forty miles distant, to "teach my first school." The journey in the old-fashioned stage coach was delightful. The air was clear and the hills and the mountain peaks were visible in every direction. All was like a revelation to me. Farmington was very lovely, with its pleasant homes and branching trees. The little village of Strong was also beautiful. The wire bridge was to me a wonder, and of unusual in-

Reminiscences

terest. My day's journey ended, I tarried over night at an old time tavern which I but vaguely remember. In the early morning I was informed that Mr. Eben Briggs of Salem was there to meet me. At that time there was a public conveyance to Salem but once a week, at which time the mail was received and distributed by Postmaster Patterson. The drive up through the valley road was novel and, though monotonous, very interesting to me. The first sight of Salem and grand old Mt. Abram I can never forget! I was taken to the home of Mr. Blake in the eastern part of the town for my school examination. Mr. Blake gave me my certificate after an old time, rigid examination, which would be somewhat amusing to the applicant of to-day. Mr. Blake was of the "old school," was counted a thorough scholar and had been a favorably known school teacher in his day. Mrs. Blake

Mrs. Underwood's

had also, in her younger years, been a teacher of successful experience. In her native town (Georgetown, Maine), she taught eleven successive years, alternately in two adjacent districts. This was not uncommon with successful teachers at that period of time. Today teachers of our rural schools very rarely are acceptable, or give general satisfaction beyond the second term! The clamor for change in this respect comes of mistaken judgment and often means injury to the school, from unsteady and unmethodical training.

But to return to my examination. Mr. Blake produced, for text books, Pike's Arithmetic, Fisk's Grammar, an old time Reader, and Pope's Essay on Man. These works were not familiar to me. I feared and trembled lest I should be humiliated by a refusal of the necessary document. But like all transitory things, that ordeal came to an end and, whether or not deserv-

Reminiscences

ing, I received, and have carefully preserved to this day, the certificate signed *John C. Heath* — *Robert Blake*. These gentlemen were also "The Visiting Committee." The name of the third member of the Board I do not now recall. I remember both visitors as pleasant men who acceptably performed their duties.

I had enrolled about twenty pupils, which, in those years, was considered a small school. One half that number now is thought to be a good average. My wages were one dollar per week — and, after the fashion of that day, I was expected to "board round"; although it was decided later that a steady boarding place should be provided for me. One dollar per week, for board, was considered high and sometimes it went to the lowest bidder at seventy-five cents, and even as low as fifty cents. So eager was I at that time to assume the airs of a "school mistress" that I think I would

Mrs. Underwood's

have accepted a position without wages, although I was very proud of my first earnings.

The families represented in the school were Davis, Ellsworth, Briggs, Pottle, Brackley, Clark, Lovejoy and Record. The pupils were easily governed and in all ways very respectful and kind, reflecting great credit upon the home discipline as well as upon the former teachers of the school. Notably among the number was a small boy, now so widely and favorably known, the Hon. George Pottle of Lewiston. If I mistake not, he learned his multiplication table during that term of school. Doubtless he has had occasion in his years of computations to put into practice many times this important branch of mathematics, while so faithfully performing his high official duties. My pleasant anticipations were realized. I highly enjoyed my school, and the kind hospitality of its patrons.

Reminiscences

The district at that time boasted of one of the most aged persons in the State, Mrs. Jordan, the mother of Mrs. Packard. She attained the great age of one hundred and one years and some months. My brief interview with her left a deep impression upon me. Her death occurred soon after. I need not remind you that here, also, was the home of Rev. A. W. Pottle. The influence of his faithful stewardship, so long and so widely known, needs no comment. *The ideal shepherd* loved and revered by his flocks, the reward of a "Well done" awaits him. I have lost trace of all but a few in that district who were at that time my pupils. I doubt not that success followed them in their various vocations, for this was the promise of their early years.

Subsequently I taught several terms at Salem Mills. Here again I formed associations whose pleasant memories I have

Mrs. Underwood's

enjoyed through all these years of separation. During one of these terms, this school numbered nearly, or quite, fifty pupils. Twenty-five were considered a small number, for that school. I would gladly mention in detail some of the pleasant and interesting incidents connected with my experience in this district; but I would not weary you, and will but briefly allude to a few points. During all my experience in similar schools, I have looked back upon this as one of high intelligence and the most remarkable for its fine classes, especially in elocution and language. There were those, also, who excelled in other branches. I was particularly proud of that first class in Reading, composed principally of girls, or young ladies, as in attainment and deportment they were, *indeed*, young ladies. They were also equally as proficient in analysis. The line as they stood, or were seated, reached the entire length

Reminiscences

of the school room on the north side. Few of our higher institutions of learning can boast to-day of finer readers or grammarians, and, I may add, spellers, than were found at that time in school district No. 2 of Salem. Each name is worthy of honorable mention, but time forbids my being personal. Captain Patterson and Freedom Richards were the Agents by whom I was employed. I hold a certificate, signed, Abel Pottle, Supervisor. Mr. Pottle was efficient and conscientious in his work. Some of these school terms closed with entertainments, consisting of readings, dialogues, recitations, etc.

I beg leave to mention a native of this district, the late lamented Rev. Albert H. Heath. High tribute should be rendered to one, by nature, so gifted, and who was regarded as one of the first pulpit orators in New England. Others, who honor this gathering by their presence, born within

Mrs. Underwood's

the shadow of this old, majestic mountain, have made the world the better for their having lived in it.

Among those of the home-comers who deserve special mention (and indeed all deserve that, if time allowed the mention of each honored one) is he, whose parental home on the mountain side, was known far and near for its genial hospitality. The "latch string" was always "out." There were meals at all hours, for guests bidden or unbidden. A light was there always in the window to guide the wanderer on his way through the darkness of night. He learned the pursuits of model and systematic farming from his father, and, since his removal to a new-made home, his name and fame, have reached afar as an honored leader of progressive agriculture. His was the farmer-boy's heritage — push and perseverance. If you would know of the products of his fair, broad acres, and the

Reminiscences

secrets of his success, I refer you to an article in a late issue of the Lewiston Journal. You will readily recognize the central figure, your old time friend, Columbus Hayford.

In yonder pleasant cottage, typical of the New England country home, was born one, to whom we are to-day largely indebted, for the pleasures of this reunion of old citizens and friends. One, whose name in business thoroughfares, and in educational circles, is known on two continents. His innate love for the dear old town of his nativity prompted the thought and suggestion of an Old Home Day in Salem. The sentiment expressed by another — "This is my own, my native land" — has never been crushed out, notwithstanding the contrasts of his life. We should like personally to thank D. C. Heath for making so many hearts happy here to-day. It has been no small task ;

Mrs. Underwood's

but it has been for him a labor of love, the consciousness of which and the memories of this happy day let us hope may be his rich rewards. To the citizens whose united and untiring efforts have aided in the success of the occasion, many and grateful thanks are due.

Years after my first school in East Salem, I taught another term there. Again, I found a bright, up to date class of scholars. The close application, and the deep interest manifested in their work by the pupils was something remarkable, and made the task of the teacher easy and pleasant. I followed these young people with interest for a long time, and am certain that they have filled well their places in life. I cannot refrain from speaking of a message, that has recently reached me, in reference to one of that number, Melvin Lovejoy, a resident now of a distant state who has risen to distinction as

Reminiscences

a lawyer and who has had many honors conferred upon him. The years that had intervened since my first school had wrought entire changes in the neighborhood. Only one old home, that of Mr. Bartlett Lovejoy, was occupied by an original family. It was also my good fortune to teach a term of school in West Freeman, where, in a highly intelligent community, and in a school of well-disciplined and bright pupils I formed friendships that have strengthened with the passing years. I hold no associations dearer than those connected with my sojourn, at intervals, as a teacher in the districts to which I have referred. — Thanks for this Old Home Reunion! It has awakened sweet memories, and will serve to keep in fond remembrance the friends and friendships cherished in days “lang syne.” Let our petition be, that this circle as one family, remain unbroken, when, at that Great

Reminiscences

Home Reunion God's children shall finally be gathered.

The Eternal clock has struck a century's half! We *know* the contents of *this* life chapter. What will the next reveal? — To human sight *the book is closed* — its pages *blank*.

NOTE : Mrs. Underwood's reference to Rev. Albert Hayford Heath, D. D., reminds us to say that, had we given two or three days to this reunion, prominent mention would have been made of as many more of the worthy sons and daughters who were proud to claim Salem as their birthplace. We may appropriately give here the following beautiful poem by Dr. Heath, written a few months before his death.

A DREAM

BY REV. ALBERT HAYFORD HEATH, D. D.

I WANDERED abroad one fine morning in June ;
The earth was abloom, and the sky all atune
With bird songs, and dust of gold hung in the air
And sifted on hill and dale, radiant, and fair.

A bright spirit met me with deep, soulful eyes,
Like patches of tend'rest blue, out of the skies ;
Her robe was a wind-woven web, and the ring
Of her voice was like music of softly touched string.

" Thy world is most fair," she said, " Sunshine and
flowers
And music's sweet thrills fill the joy-laden hours ; "
" Oh yes," I replied, " but one shadow remains —
A tyrant called Death all this wide beauty claims ! "

" Fly, Spirit," I cried, " lest he find you, O fly !
In the frost of his breath *e'en your beauty will die !* "
With a voice like a lute, swept with evening's sweet
breath,
She, vanishing, answered me, " My name is Death ! "

Old Home Day

The poem by Rev. Albert Heath was published in the "Lewiston (Maine) Journal" with the following notice :

"Dr. Heath was born in Salem, Maine, and died at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, in 1899. He married, January 7, 1868, Lucy Jane Simonds of Charlestown, Mass. They had two children, Albert C., a practicing physician in St. Paul, Minn., and Miss Lucy F. Heath, a member of the senior class at Smith College. He also left a sister, Mrs. Horatio G. Turner of Dedham, Mass., and two brothers, Elbridge G. Heath of Auburn, Maine, and George Heath of Rangeley, Maine."

As being of interest to all we quote the following from the same Journal: —

"During a residence of less than five years in this town, Dr. Heath made his influence felt as few men have ever done in so short a time. Possessed of a forceful and eloquent style, sparkling with gen-

Rev. A. H. Heath, D. D.

uine humor, he was in great demand upon all public occasions and gave generously of his time and strength. Many will recall some of his public appearances and the uplift which they received from his stirring words. His interest in education was not confined to Tabor Academy, and, besides being a valued Trustee of St. Johnsbury Academy, he took a deep interest in the public schools. Just before he died, he told the writer that he should give all his spare time to the establishment of Brightlook Hospital, which he had been instrumental in starting and of which he had been elected President. He had outlined great plans for its usefulness."

Old Home Day

CHAIRMAN: Many from whom we have heard have expressed regret that they cannot be with us today, for they wanted to see again their former teacher, Carrie Nash. She must have made an unusually good impression on her pupils — not exactly the kind of impression that some of us boys had left on us by our teachers, but the kind made on the boys who, when asked what their teacher taught them about politeness, replied: "She just walks around and we all feel polite." To our request that she write a poem and some reminiscences for this occasion she very reluctantly said "Yes," and I present her now as Carrie Nash, the poet. Her reminiscences have already been read by her husband, Mr. George Underwood, from whom we shall have also a few remarks in his own behalf.

SALEM'S OLD HOME DAY

BY MRS. CARRIE NASH UNDERWOOD

DID sun of Heaven e'er shine on scene like this;
Where blend true loving friendships, joy and peace,
Where hearts, as one, raise simultaneous songs
In praise to Him, to whom all praise belongs?
To Him, who gave to us this glorious day
That wears midsummer's charms in bright array;
Green fields, the waving grain, and fruitage choice,
Conspire to make this August day rejoice!
All nature smiles, and at her kind behest,
We leave our cares, and with her, take our rest;
List t' her voices that to higher strains attune,
Gaze 'pon her beauties, and with her God, commune,

O, wondrous world! *thou all divinely planned,*
I recognize in thee the master hand! —
While blessings spread o'er all the earth so wide,
All unsurpassed are those, where you and I abide!
Tho' north, or south, or east, or west,
Where'er our home, we love it best!

Salem's Old Home Day

If where perpetual snows, crown mountains bold and
high,

Where at their rocky feet, th' dark deep caverns lie;
Or, if, where tropic suns shine on perpetual bloom,
Where peach and orange groves send forth their rich per-
fume,

Where'er the heart, where'er affection's ties:
There, there, the home love dwells, *that never dies!*
O, hearts will *yearn*, for childhood's native home
Where halcyon days, but only once, can come, —
Where brightest promise knew no frosts that chilled,
Where souls with guileless child lore first were filled,
That dear old home! we love it still, if palace or if cot,
Where'er in all the world so wide — *if home it matters*
not,

Still *happy home*, where loved ones yet abide,
Where father, mother, still walk side by side!
Tho' furrows deep have marked the brow once fair
And Age has set his crown of silvery hair,
And forms are bowed, with weight of many years,
And eyes are dimmed with grief and sorrow's tears;
Yet, deep within, Affection's fires still burn,
And welcoming, await the wand'rer's return:
Return to all, in childhood, that he loved,
To hills and fields, so long his child feet roved,

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

To lake and tiny stream, and babbling brook,
Where first he sailed his boat, and dropped his first pin
hook.

.....
This day we are gathered, 'neath these trees that once
sheltered

The fathers, the kindred, long since gone to their rest —
Where prayers and sweet praises of loved ones ascended
That were heard by the throngs of th' sainted and blest;

Near by the old churchyard, where 'pon marble are gra-
ven

The names of the loved, no more here to greet,
Near the evergreen trees, that scatter their sweetness
O'er hills, and o'er waters that lie at their feet ;

Near "Patterson hill," that inspires with its grandeur,
That o'erlooks the deep valley — Salem's fair view —
Where nature is spread with woodland and meadow,
And the bright sparkling "Quick Stream's" serpentine
flow,

Whose waters are rife with the shy speckled beauties,
The sportsman's true "Paradise," that invites and al-
lures!

Salem's Old Home Day

O, where has kind nature bestowed 'pon her children
Landscape more lovely, or enchanting, than yours!

'Loved scenes of your childhood — who would forget
them?

The sweet homes, the playgrounds, 'mid these moun-
tains and hills,

E'en the rocks, by the roadside, awake inspiration,
The bridges, the mill ponds, and the busy old mills!

Dear old Mt. Abram, thou chiefest of landmarks!
Grand monarch, that nature so richly has crowned!
Like a sentinel faithful through th' centuries, guarding
The safety and peace of the vales far around!

Old mountain, my memory is fresh as the verdure
That clothes thy grand form, so symmetrical, true,
Fresh as thine evergreen vines, that still clamber
Round boulders and ledges, that in youth time, I knew!

Yes, well I recall that bright sunny morning,
When th' earth was aflame with Autumn's array:
That we climbed thy rough steep, with feet all unwearied,
Ah, we were "young folks" then, — but not "come
to stay!"

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

Dear mountain, that stand'st so strong and defiant,
When th' wild raging tempest would shake thy bold
sides,

Thou 'rt a model of friendship, th' true and th' loyal —
Unmoved by life's changes, — that ever abides!

Yea! picturesque lovely, the never forgotten,
When once eyes have feasted on thy beauties so
rare,

Where ferns and wild mosses carpet thy woodlands,
That are mirrored in waters 'neath skies bright and
fair!

Dare we ask, *where are they*, th' friends and compan-
ions

Who ascended the mountain, that bright Autumn day?
Some to the tomb, and some to the bridal,
Scattered and fled, from old homes, far away!

Some sleep 'neath the turf, where they fell in the bat-
tle

While nobly responding their loved country's call.
When war clouds o'ershadowed and threatened the
nation,

They left home and kindred, yea, sacrificed all!

Salem's Old Home Day

Is there one here to-day, who fought for "Old
Glory" —

Who survived the dark conflict of th' "Blue and the
Gray" ?

*Children's children shall bless you, High Heaven re-
ward you*

For defending our freedom, in the nation's dark day!

On this day as we gather, we meet on the "level,"
"Old Home" is our theme — the dear native home,
We gaze 'pon faces, in life's youth so familiar,
We grasp each by the hand, as hither we come!

Yes, here in this place, 'mid these pleasant surroundings,
Heart beats to heart, as we talk of the years
When all was like sunshine, ere life was o'ertaken,
With its burden of cares, with its sorrows and tears.

As we talk of the freedom enjoyed in our youth time,
Of th' moonlight-rides — with their jingling bells,
Of the crisp healthful frosts, of th' songs of the coasters,
Of the search for the May flower, o'er hills and in dells.

Of th' good old schools, and when 't was the fashion
For the children to learn their A. B. C.'s;

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

When the friend of all friends, the dear old "Master,"
Ne'er yet found a moment for comfort and ease!

For when came a lull, then, he, with his pen knife,
Must repair and refashion the old quill pen —
And the "sums," from Addition to Double Position,
He must solve and explain, again and again.

As we talk of the singing schools, cold but bright even-
ings
That brought out a bevy of old folks and young,
When the "scale" was long practiced, the rising and
falling,
And the notes, *do, re, mi*, of the old songs were sung.

As when we revert to the old time huskings,
To those late Autumn evenings with their star-lighted
skies,
To the rich midnight suppers, from the old brick oven,
The beans and the brown bread, Indian puddings and
pics!

Of the old fashioned games, like "chasing the squirrel,"
Of the "button" dropped slyly in some favored one's
hand,

Salem's Old Home Day

Of the fun and the frolic when the pawns were inflicted
So bashfully paid at the "judge's" command!

And then of the quilting bee, and th' afternoon circle
With husbands and sweethearts invited to tea,
When for sweet charity's sake swift fingers and needles
Flew fast as the hours, all so pleasant and free.

As in mind, we recall the grand old Muster
When the uniformed troops march in shining array
To the fife and the drum beat, that music inspiring,
Alas, few are the numbers, who remember that day!

That day of all days, when in anticipation
The boys worked with zeal, with heart and with hand
For the promised reward, to expend, for some fair one,
Much as a shining sixpence at th' gingerbread stand!

"O, good old times are *best*," we're wont to say.
And to them tribute we would justly pay,
And to our native home, whose scenes, so fair,
We 'd not exchange for rarer ones elsewhere!

To dear old Maine, that proudly leads the van!
Where is her peer? O, tell me, ye who can,

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

Search well, outside the shores of Ocean, deep and wide,
And *Maine, our own dear Maine*, is still the country's
pride!

The nation heeds her ringing voice, in legislative halls,
She scatters blessings o'er th' land, and lists to mercy's
calls.

She sends in Freedom's cause the loyal, brave, and true,
She hoists her colors, e'er aloft, the red, and white, and
blue.

She e'er dispenses charity with open lavish hand,
Unto the mission fields, abroad — the dark benighted
land;
She's ne'er behind her sister states — in goodly works
excels. —

What to the great wide world she's been, an honored
record tells!

Her staunch, proud timbers cut through every sea,
The nation's pride, her guardians true and free!
The church, the school, twin blessings point the way
To life, and light, for ignorance holds no sway!
And lo, the yeoman takes his bold firm stand,
His claims asserts: — *he's King of all the land!*

Salem's Old Home Day

And best of all: true, loyal hearts, within her bosom beat,
And homes of love and purity are e'er a safe retreat!

Behold her galaxy of names, among the good and great
No brighter ones, elsewhere, in nation, or in state;
In brilliancy they 'll shine, and down from age to age
Will noble deeds be stamped upon historic page;
Authors, poets, statesmen, high on th' scroll of Fame!
Look down the list, and you shall find not one ignoble
name !

Despite all adverse minds, and threat'ning skies
Maine's *Temperance Banner* still in triumph flies!

As th' grand old Ship of State, is launched, while tem-
pests rave,
Yet proudly rides at last upon the topmost wave,
So, th' righteous cause — the Heaven ordained,
Shall never know defeat,
She e'er can boast o'er sin and crime,
Her victory complete!

Grave problems, that confront her now, provoking
loud debate
That threaten dire disaster, alike to Church and State,

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

Call for ready action, in men of wisdom sound,
And whose sure and safe solution, is in the ballot found!
Maine will verify her motto — "I direct. I lead —"
Known well, and felt abroad — her watchword, and
her creed.

But, to return to th' days of yore —
When first the upturned sod
Revealed these rich and fertile soils,
That first the white man trod!

Were time and space available,
I'd mention every one.
Those noble stalwart pioneers,
Each daughter and each son.

I'd tell of exploits, that should win
A long enduring name
Grandeur, nobler, oft, than those
Found in the "Hall of Fame."

I'd tell of sore discouragements,
Alternate hopes and fears,
And of unrewarded labor,
Of weary, toilsome years.

Salem's Old Home Day

I'd tell of wives and mothers,
With Spartan blood aglow,
Who braved the dangerous hardships,
Known to that long ago.

How, for love's sweet sake, they left
The dear parental care,
Exchanged for homes, in forest wilds,
The yeoman's lot to share.

And how the wedding trip was made
On ox-sleds, and their guide
The "spotted trees" — to show the way
For th' bridegroom and the bride,

To reach the rude log cabin door,
Oped wide, with welcomes sweet,
The home of love, in readiness,
Its mistress fair to greet.

I'd tell how hands unused to toil,
Prepared the frugal meal,
And learned the weaver's subtle art,
And turned the spinning wheel.

By Mrs. C. D. Underwood

I'd tell how Fashion's absence
Made happier homes and lives,
Unfettered from her thralldom,
Thrice happy—husbands, wives!

That homespun suit deft fingers wove —
His Sunday's best array —
As proud, his wife, as though he wore
The broadcloth of to-day.

And he, th' loyal, tried and true,
Loved not that wife the less,
Because, instead of silks, she wore
The "linsey woolsey" dress.

O happy years! — I heard one say —
One whom our hearts held dear,
That th' happiest part of her life was shared
In the home of th' pioneer!

Where, with her cedar broom, she swept
The little cabin floor
Laid smooth with hemlock bark — where played
Dear children 'round the door.

Salem's Old Home Day

And where, at nightfall, gathered in
When th' cheering firelight shone,
Th' unbroken family circle, there
'Round th' hearth of rough hewn stone —

And where, when sleepy eyes were closed,
(Here a glistn'ing tear she shed,)
They were borne within her folded arms,
Each, to his cradle bed.

She told me more — how Fortune smiled,
And filled their coffers well,
And naught but health and happiness
Seemed, in that home, to dwell.

But there came a day — a darksome day —
To that happy household band,
When th' gilded domes of th' far off town,
Beguiled, with beck'ning hand.

But she told how soon she wearied
Of th' dazzling glint and show;
How she longed for faces familiar,
Old friends, and sweet voices low.

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

How th' homesick hearts of her children yearned
Through th' wildwood paths to roam;
For th' wild bird's song, th' bees, and th' flowers,
For the freedom of that home.

She told me more — that th' church-yard held
Each one of her family fold, —
And the tears that coursed down her aged cheek
The rest of her story told.

But they had left the “gates ajar,”
At th' home on th' other shore,
And I heard that soon she'd entered there,
Where households part no more.

Ah, hers was the oft repeated tale,
Of this earthly life's unrest —
Th' reaching afar, for th' better beyond!
O, vain and fruitless quest!

O, that human hearts would learn
The ways of true content —
And God's great wisdom e'er discern,
In His humblest blessings sent!

Salem's Old Home Day

TO MR. D. C. HEATH

My dear good sir: Promoter of these gatherings

In your native Pine Tree State,

We thank you for th' generous thought,

Conception — grand and great!

And to-day, your native town,

Most proudly, welcomes you —

And in her name, I extend th' hand

Of old friendships, warm and true!

And her *other* children, gathered here,

In her mother arms, to-day,

She folds them close, who, in their youth,

Went far from her away.

She fain would pay you reverence,

That is so justly due,

For th' *honors*, you've conferred 'pon her

In lives so loyal, true.

Of your self-made records, she is proud,

Of your zeal, and enterprize,

Of th' good upon the world bestowed,

Through labor's sacrifice.

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

Her mother's eyes have followed you,
And watched your proud career,
They 've found you from Aroostook's plains
To th' western wild frontier!

'Neath California's sunny skies
Where flowers, perennial, grow,
Where th' palm and sweet magnolia rise,
Where th' Southland's breezes blow.

She applauds you each, upon your choice
Of husbands and of wives,
Who have aided well, in moulding
The destinies of lives.

Of your well earned titles, she is proud —
Your fields of labor chosen,
Professors, Honorables, and "Squires,"
No doubt, are by the dozen!

The sacred desk has well been filled,
With her sons, of gifts so rare,
Ah, *one*, in prime of usefulness,
Has climbed the "Golden stair."

Salem's Old Home Day

*She's proud of you all, at home, or abroad,
As each, at his craft, and trade,
Has shown by honest toil and skill,
The high success he's made.*

*She bids you all welcome, all, to-day,
While she your praise shall sing,
Welcome, from homes of th' far, far west,
To that of Maine's "tuber King!"¹*

*With her magic wand she makes you
Children, again, to-day!
'Neath her parent wing, she folds you,
And fain would bid you stay!*

*But e'er the morrow's setting sun,
She must say a fond adieu,
And a "God be with you" — as you're called,
Life's duties still to do.*

*One line for Salem — dear old town
Honored and loved — of fair renown —
Can boast of much — has seen bright days,
As forth she's walked, in Wisdom's ways.*

¹ Mr. Columbus Hayford is Maine's tuber, or potato, king.

By Mrs. C. N. Underwood

She has happy homes, for which th' wanderers sigh,
Where first born hopes, and fond affections, lie —
Where friend familiar oft greets —
And peaceful sounds buzz on her well worn streets —
Tho' quiet, and quaint, yet her name shall be
Crowned, with th' *brightest wreath of the Laurus*
tree!

Her lives, so like a benediction —
As onward they have sped,
The same through sunshine and affliction,
A halo, bright, has shed,
Which shall cease to broaden — *never*,
Like a circle in the sea
Merging, in the *Great Forever* —
Into God's Eternity! —

GEORGE UNDERWOOD'S ADDRESS

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : —

It affords me great pleasure to be one of your number here to-day. Though personally a stranger in your midst, I have known of the good name of this community for many years, and of those who have gone out of it to attain distinction in the various walks of life.

We came into Salem this morning, down over Patterson Hill. Never has my eye caught a more beautiful landscape view than this little village and valley presented with Old Abram for a background. It was truly inspiring.

I have passed through many states of our beloved Union, all affording lovely natural features, yet have I never beheld anything

Address

outrivaling this scene in grandeur and beauty!

These Old Home gatherings are simply *grand*! It is well for the boy and the girl to come here, for the young man and the young woman to be present on this occasion. It is well for those in the prime of manhood and in the prime of womanhood to come and enjoy the festivities of the day. And it is well for those in advanced years to come and clasp hands once more, for the renewal and cementing of old friendships. It is a salutary influence for youth and age to meet on an occasion like this.

In the reminiscences just read, it will be noticed that tribute is paid to those who left the parental roof when young, and went out into "Life's hard School." Their life work is commendable, and the writer who penned these lines has in no way exceeded justice, when she calls your attention to what they have accomplished.

George Underwood's

But, Mr. President, I wish to say a few words to those who have stayed at home.

Only a few generations ago this now beautiful valley, and these adjacent hillsides, were covered with stately trees, kissed by the sparkling rays of the morning sun. The Red Man hunted his game along these hillsides and through these valleys, and fished these water-ways unmolested. The wild beasts roamed these forests at will.

Your fathers came. They felled and burned these trees, and prepared the soil for seed. For many years they sowed and gathered into barns. They increased their acres, and made these fine homes that we see all about us. They labored under many difficulties and many privations that you are not experiencing to-day. Noble men and noble women! They "builded better than they knew." Peace to their ashes, that rest in yonder churchyard! We do not forget that you, their descendants,

Address

have perseveringly remained upon and tilled these lands, and it is *you* who have made this gathering possible here to-day.

NOTE : In sending copy for his address, Mr. Underwood wrote under date of October 25, 1904 : "I enclose reluctantly, fearing that it is not worthy a place in your booklet, a summary of my remarks at the Old Home gathering at Salem. They were entirely impromptu. If such stray and disconnected thoughts will be of any use, I am glad to assist you.

"Now a word in regard to the gathering in your old home town. It was a grand success in all its appointments. The people responded nobly and the management was superb, from start to finish. The occasion was one long to be remembered."

Salem's Old Home Day

PRESENTATION OF CAKE:

The cake to be given to the oldest person present who was born in Salem was presented to Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, who was eighty-six years old on March 6, 1904. She was escorted to the platform by the chairman, and received her honors like a girl — *eighty-six years young*.



MRS. ELIZABETH HARRIS

Address

CHAIRMAN : I cannot better introduce the next speaker than by giving Goldsmith's description of "An Old-time Schoolmaster," for it fits the Honorable Joel Wilbur as I remember him when he was my schoolmaster : —

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling 'round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cipher, too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For ev'n though vanquished he could argue still,
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

HON. JOEL WILBUR'S ADDRESS

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF SALEM:—

The lateness of the hour and the wealth of reminiscence and oratory presented to you by my predecessors, precludes the necessity of any extended remarks



HON JOEL WILBUR

at this time. I fully concur with and endorse all that has been said regarding the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the meadows, the sweet music of the running brooks, and all the natural attractions surrounding this beautiful, quiet, and restful village in the dear old town of Salem. I also en-

endorse the truth of the statements relative to the ability, the integrity, and the high order of citizenship mani-

Address

fested by the many sons who have gone out of this Town, and have made homes in other places and in other States; many of whom have honored us to-day by their presence, and have contributed in a marked degree to making this meeting so interesting and pleasant to us all. Furthermore, I congratulate the residents, ladies and gentlemen, for the very hospitable way in which they have arranged all things for our comfort and happiness. In the absence of hotels, the people have all turned hosts, and with remarkable success.

I have been asked, and very properly, why I appear on this platform, not being a son of Salem either by birth, adoption, or marriage. I offer two reasons. My mother was endeared to very many of the early residents by ties of kindred. Three brothers and her mother lived and died in this town. Many other relatives to whom she

Hon. Joel Wilbur's

was strongly attached by that lasting tie of friendship, still are here as witnesses to what I say.

Another reason why I am permitted to meet with you is the fact that fifty years ago I had the pleasure and honor of teaching a term of school in this village. And I am here to greet my scholars, to salute them, to look into their bright eyes, to behold their youthful and rosy faces, and to grasp their hands once more in memory of the old school days. Less than nine of a roll of more than fifty pupils I meet to-day. The classes are broken, some extinct. "First, second, and third classes," I call, and only two or three scholars respond. Why is it? Where are the boys and girls? Fifty years in this onward march have carried the child to youth, manhood, old age, or death, thus closing the school of life. I remember I had some very bright and diligent pupils here, and some roguish

Address

ones also. Your honored President was both. In youth he was brave, generous, and honest. He has proven himself so to-day by these splendid gifts to his native town. It means much to the people of this place—more than you can estimate.

We have inherited a vast accumulation of knowledge and experience. The knowledge of fifty years ago is not the knowledge of to-day. It has expanded more and more with each passing year. The greatest nation, the most intelligent and progressive people, with the best constitutional government, most wisely administered, is ours to enjoy and transmit to our children. Fortunate, indeed, have we been to live in the latter half of the nineteenth century!

But the setting sun admonishes me of the close of this beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten day, and with it I dismiss my

Hon. Joel Wilbur

school and say farewell to the remaining few of my pupils of fifty years ago, knowing that we shall all meet again in that great School where God will be our Teacher and infinite perfection the study of all.

NOTE : Mr. Wilbur, in sending the above brief of his Address, said : " Much I had thought to say had been said before my turn came, so at the time I was forced to take up some other line of thought in rather a broken manner. Nevertheless, I enjoyed very much the day, the occasion, and the company. I shall recall it with much pleasure."

Old Home Day

Singing by all present.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne ?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie 's a hand o' thine ;
We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus.

Benediction by Rev. H. S. Trueman.

THE AFTERMATH

THE day following the Reunion was a memorable one. The hospitable townspeople took their guests driving to hallowed spots, the sites of their old homes, the burial places of their dead. Some of the visitors climbed Mt. Abram. Others fished in the old streams or walked in familiar paths to places they loved. All said that it was "good to be there."

THE FIRST BOOK GIVEN TO THE NEW LIBRARY

Mrs. Edna Worthley Underwood, great-granddaughter of Albert Hayford (known to the literary world by her maiden name, *Edna Worthley*), sent a copy of her translation from the Russian of *Evenings in Little Russia*, with the following inscription :

"This book is presented to the Salem Public Library by the Translator, Edna Worthley Underwood, born in Phillips, Maine, granddaughter of Deborah Bonney How-

The First Book

ard, *née* Hayford, who was born in Salem, Maine, January 10, 1824. Deborah Bonney Howard is the daughter of Albert Hayford, one of the earliest settlers of Salem."

Unfortunately the book was not received until the day after the meeting, but it will be treasured as the first volume given to the Charles M. Heath Memorial Library.

In sending her poem, page v, Mrs. Edna Worthley Underwood wrote: "I trust that New England will give you her very sunniest sky for the Reunion week and that it may be a memorable week for the sons and daughters of North Franklin."

MORE REMINISCENCES

Doubtless every one in the audience that day was reminded of noble citizens who ought to have at least "honorable mention" in a Salem celebration. The chairman was among those who wished the day were longer that justice might be

More Reminiscences

done to all. But the "Old Home Day" experiment was a new one, and in future our successors will be able to benefit by our mistakes and omissions.

Mr. Charles H. Bangs of Everett sends us further reminiscences of the western part of the town, to supplement those of Mr. Heath and Mr. Harris.

MORE REMINISCENCES OF THE WESTERN
PART OF THE TOWN. BY CHARLES H.
BANGS, EVERETT, MASS.

No special mention has been made of that section of the town and neighborhood in which my father's farm was located. I will therefore give some recollections of the farms, and their occupants fifty years ago, and at a previous date, as far as I am able; and, as far as I know, the conditions of occupancy or otherwise to-day.

On the road, beginning at the top of the Graffam or Seavey Hill, lived, and I

By Charles H. Bangs

believe now lives, Wm. Seavey, in the house formerly occupied by Oliver Graf-fam. John Cunningham lived in the next residence, and my uncle, John C. Heath, the next west. Next to the bridge which crossed the Quick Stream, lived Mr. Lead-better, whose first name I have forgotten. His house has ceased to exist.

Crossing the bridge, to the Barker farm, there was the school-house which replaced the log school-house. In this school-house, I received the most of my Common School education. The next farm was that occupied by Amos Barker, and next to that was my old birthplace, the Bangs farm. Joining my father's farm, on the north, were three farms, two of which had occupants within my memory. On the Tarr place, farthest east, (once occupied by a family of that name), scarcely any vestige of buildings remained as far back as thirty years ago.

More Reminiscences

Next, west of this, was the Voter place once occupied by my uncle Gilbert Voter, of which no buildings now remain. Adjoining this was the Davis place, never occupied within my recollection. Farther north of the Voter place was the one-time residence of my uncle, John C. Heath. This, and the two adjoining farms, once occupied, are now vacant. Just beyond the residence of my father were two roads which formed a triangle. Following the more northerly of these, you came on the right to what was known as the Winslow place, at one time occupied by Samuel Winslow. The buildings disappeared entirely many years ago.

On the left was a later residence, occupied at one time by Jas. Folsom. These latter buildings may still be in existence, and possibly are occupied. Farther along to the west was the residence of Elisha Jones. North of this was the farm and

By Charles H. Bangs

residence of Thomas Greene, where I think the County Commissioner, Isaac W. Greene, was born.

The last residence in the town, to the west, was the Clayton farm. All of the last three had gone to ruin over twenty-five years ago, and their number was added to the list of Maine's deserted farms. Following the other branch of the road, to the south, the first farm and residence was occupied by John Richards, and later by Simeon Turner. Next west of this, or beyond what was known as the Dug Hills, was a residence once occupied by Luther Childs, but long since gone to decay.

The next and last residence before you come to the Phillips line, was that of Wm. Folsom. This is probably still extant. North of this, was the Elias Winslow farm, the residence on which has long since ceased to exist. South of my father's farm was what was known as the Sweat place,

More Reminiscences

buildings of which have long since gone to decay, but have been occupied within my remembrance.

Within my own school district was the Curtis place, and north of that two other places, all of which have ceased to exist. Of all these mentioned, the only ones I can say are remaining and occupied, are the Seavey place, probably the Cunningham place, the Heath place (Aunt Julia's), the Barker place, the Bangs place and the Folsom place; about one-third of the original number.

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN SALEM

Mrs. Worthley, the mother of Mrs. Edna W. Underwood and the granddaughter of Albert Hayford, writes that he was born in Hartford, Me., in 1785 and lived in Sumner, Me., till 1813, when he moved to Salem. He served in the war of 1812. His daughter, Mrs. Debo-

Old Home Day

rah Howard, says that her eldest sister, Artemina Hayford, was born March 7, 1816, and was the first white child born in Salem.

OLD HOME DAY

Letters of congratulation and approval of the Reunion have been received from Mr. F. L. Porter, of Eustis, Maine, and from many others. Rev. Abel Pottle writes :

I think our Salem affair a *grand success*, from start to finish. It will always afford me a pleasant memory and I think will do the present residents there a great deal of good.

Did n't they "*do themselves proud*" in the way they received and entertained their visitors,—especially on that dinner! They did themselves a *great deal* of credit. It was well-gotten up, successfully carried out and reflected great credit on all who had a hand in it; especially on yourself and Walter. I have made up my mind that so long as I have my health, and strength permits, I will annually visit the old town.

More Reminiscences

In reply to this letter of Rev. Mr. Pottle, Mr. Heath of Boston, chairman of the meeting, wrote : —

DEAR ABEL, — I am delighted that the after-taste of the little Salem affair is so pleasant to you. That makes me a little better satisfied with it. The only point in which I was not satisfied before we began, and after we got through, was that the *Heaths* had altogether too prominent a part in it; but that could not be helped. To tell you the plain truth, I could not get anybody outside of the *Heaths*, who figure there, to take hold of it. You know I started it over two years ago, because I thought it would do the town good and do the rest of us good also. Besides, I have had a little experience in that sort of thing; in fact, I had quite a good deal of experience in creating Old Home Week for our State as a whole. If the people of the State knew what good an Old Home Day, or Week, every year would do them, they would be enthusiastic over it and prepare for it most cheerfully.

After I got the Salem Re-union started, I

Old Home Day

found I could get nobody from whom I could get a history of the town so well as from Walter. He has lived there always, has been a member of the Board of Selectmen a good part of the time as well as Town Clerk, has a good memory, and, I suspected, would know more about the history of the town and the people, or could more easily find it, than anybody else.

So far as other families are concerned, there was no disposition, you can readily believe, to slight any family. We had to take what we could get and all we could get and do just as well with it as possible. There are a lot of families who should have had a part in the history of the town — I mean a detailed history giving more than the simple chronology, which was all that Walter tried to give. But they will have their chance in the future.

One of the best things about an Old Home Week is that it brings in a lot of information about people and events that makes good material for a local history, and eventually it is in a History, where otherwise there would be none.

More Reminiscences

Mr. Chas. H. Pease, of Holliston, Mass., son of Albert Pease, writes :

I am very glad you had so enjoyable and profitable a time as reports show, both from the local press, and from some persons who were there. I should much have liked to be there, but circumstances prevented. I should have written something to the Committee but did not see a chance to do so after I became aware of the date of the event.

Yes, by all means, print my father's sketch. I shall be glad to have it in booklet form, as well as the contributions of others.

Mrs. Carrie Nash Underwood, Fayette, Maine, writes :

We cannot cease to thank you, and to feel profoundly grateful to you, for being instrumental in conferring so much pleasure, yes, happiness upon us, personally, on that memorable 17th day of August, 1904. To say that it was a "red letter day," would express it too moderately. That it was in its line, the happiest day

Old Home Day

of my life, is but the utterance of simple truth. That the day has passed, and that nothing is left of it but a memory, is far from what it appears to me. The radiant day, the lovely old landscape, those faces so familiar in the long ago, those warm, true and friendly hand-clasps, those voices, those kindly words of greeting, — *everything connected with it, is constantly with me!* I am living in its atmosphere every day!

EXTRACT

FROM THE FARMINGTON CHRONICLE
OF AUGUST 24th, 1904

COMMENCING on Sunday, August 14th, Old Home Week was most appropriately opened in Salem, when the forenoon service was conducted in the Union Church by Rev. Leonard Hutchins of East New Portland, who was a pastor of the Free Baptist Church of Salem for over thirty years. He preached a very instructive and able sermon. At 2.30 P. M. Rev. Abel Pottle, who claims Salem as his birthplace, but who is now preaching and residing at Lisbon Falls, gave us one of his eloquent and instructive sermons which was heard by at least one hundred and twenty-five persons. The church was filled to its utmost capacity and chairs from the hall and from private houses had to be used to accommodate the congregation.

Farmington Chronicle

Monday and Tuesday were given to boating, fishing, and driving about the town by the townspeople and visitors from all over New England.

Then came Wednesday, Old Home Day, which had previously been set apart for a brief history of the town and some reminiscences of former days of Salem and its people. At the early dawn of this day, it was a little cloudy ; but, at 9 A. M., the time set to meet at the Union Church (more familiarly known as "The Town House"), the clouds had vanished and the sun shone in all its brightness.

On the arrival of the train, the Committee met the guests at the station and escorted them to the village. After passing a short time at the church and shaking hands with old acquaintances, the company repaired to the grove to listen to the speakers and partake of the dinner that was being prepared by the ladies.

Extract from the

At 10.30 D. C. Heath, president of the day, called the meeting to order and Rev. Abel Pottle offered a fervent prayer. The Address of Welcome was delivered by Walter S. Heath and D. C. Heath responded. Next on the programme was a history of the town by Walter S. Heath, and then throughout the grove rang the strains of *Home, Sweet Home*. Every one seemed to join in singing this touching old song and not a few tears came to the eyes of the old residents of Salem. Then Rev. Abel Pottle read selections from an old Farmington Chronicle giving the annals of Salem and was listened to attentively by the large audience.

Next came Charles H. Bangs of Everett, Mass., who read one of his own poems full of music, and closed amid applause. Then D. C. Heath called on Sumner Lovejoy for some music on the fife. He came forward, as did also G. A. Page of

Farmington Chronicle

Kingfield with his drum, and as all in this vicinity know and have heard Sumner's fife and Page's drum, it is needless to say that the music was thrilling.

Hon. George Pottle of Lewiston, ex-Mayor and State Assessor, and Rev. Abel Pottle made speeches which were short but very interesting and claimed the entire attention of the audience. Elbridge G. Heath of Auburn was the next speaker, with very interesting remarks, in character relating to the early history of the town. The next speaker called on for remarks was George W. Harris, whose address was followed by the singing of *The Old Oaken Bucket*.

And then dinner was announced. And such a dinner! Just such a dinner as the ladies of Salem get, — "A No. 1," so say all that had a sample. Those who ate at the tables set in the grove were supplied in detachments, until all were satisfied.

Extract from the

After dinner votes of thanks were heartily extended to all who had assisted in making this day of Salem's Old Home Week a success.

George Underwood of Fayette then addressed the meeting in a very able and interesting manner on topics relating to the welfare of the State in general. Then the topic of our schools and schoolmasters, by Hon. Joel Wilbur of Phillips, was ably discussed and was indeed interesting. He closed amid enthusiastic applause.

Next the poem by Mrs. George Underwood (*née* Carrie Nash) of Fayette was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the audience.

Then came the presentation of a cake to the oldest person present who was born in Salem, and this was won by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Harris, who was escorted to the stand by D. C. Heath. Mrs. Harris

Farmington Chronicle

was eighty-six years old on the 6th day of March, 1904.

With the music of *Auld Lang Syne* the Old Home Week celebration closed, a successful and delightful day.

OLD HOME DAY MAIL BAG.

WE regret that we cannot publish all the letters received by the Committee. Lack of space limits us to those from very old people, far away, but known to many of you and to such as contain reminiscences, post office addresses, and genealogies, that ought to be preserved.

FROM MISS GAY, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

I received your kind letter. I think it will hardly be so I can come up there. I am getting old and feeble. I was eighty years last Friday. I have one brother, Sidney. His home is in . . . Here the dear hand tired and

Mrs. E. M. Gay, the niece of Miss Gay, completed the letter, saying :

Aunt Phronie has written so far and wishes me to finish, as she is tired and it is a long time since she has written to any one. Although she

Old Home Day Mail Bag

is the oldest of the family, she has outlived them all except her brother Sidney, who has been very ill but is improving. I do not know his address.

The eldest brother, Benjamin, who was my husband, died in 1880, and a sister five years younger than herself in 1896. Her mother, who was a Turner, died in 1879 and her father in January, 1889. She is very lonely and is longing to be with them, but tries to be patient. Perhaps you may remember the Turner family, Charles, Gilman, Sidney and Oliver, and several daughters. Mother was Abbie and I have met Aunt Chloe. They were an excellent family but they have all passed away. Uncle Gilman was for many years Superintendent of the State House. John Turner, a son of Charles Turner, is living now in Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. John Turner of Charlestown writes:

Aunt Phronie was never married. Her father's name was Gay and he married my father's sister Betsey Turner. My brother and I were born in Salem and lived there until I was three and he ten. We then moved to West Sumner,

Old Home Day Mail Bag

where we lived until 1845. Then my mother died and home broke up. We have since been in Massachusetts. I was seventy-eight years old the 23rd of last January.

FROM F. G. MILLS, LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR COUSIN WALTER AND ALL OLD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT HOME:— I feel very sorry, and my wife is much disappointed, because we find at the last moment we shall not be able to come to Salem. We have been looking forward to this Old Home Week and Reunion for a year and it seems too bad to be disappointed, but there is a Strike here now and I cannot get away. I am very sorry not to be present, for I feel it is more than likely to be the last opportunity we may have to meet at our old home at the foot of Mt. Abram. Our minds and hearts will be with you all on the 17th and we know you will enjoy the day.

FROM MISS JULIA H. MAY, STRONG, MAINE.

DEAR MR. POTTLE:— My sister taught in Salem long ago; I do not know just the date,

Old Home Day Mail Bag

but you probably know. I was south, I think, at the time, and so never went to Salem while she was there, but I remember her letters and her descriptions of the place and people and especially of her boarding place and her pupils. I think she boarded with three old people who were unmarried, a brother and two sisters, who were quaint and interesting and very kind to her; I have forgotten the name. I remember she spoke often of your people and think some one of them was School Agent. She had some delightful scholars whom she often mentioned in later life. Among these were several of your brothers I think, and some of the Blakes. She always looked back upon that school with delight.

I was never in Salem, except to pass through in the cars, and have no right to be with you today, but I am interested in all Old Home Reunions and I want to send my congratulations to the people of Salem. I think my father had many friends there in the long long ago.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

Miss May wrote also at the same date to Mr. Heath:

I am thinking of your Reunion at Salem tomorrow and am glad that what has been so near your heart and thought has at length materialized. I trust the day will be all that you expect, and more. I love your Mt. Abram and almost feel that I have some rights of possession. The view of it from my childhood's home was one of my first delights, and the view from what we call the Store Hill in Strong is more beautiful than any mountain view I know, and I know a great many.

Mt. Abram deep within my heart,
As upward in the sky,
Of memory a precious part,
Your triple summits lie.

Trusting that the day may be delightful, and that you may enjoy many others of the kind, and thanking you heartily for all your unselfish interest in your native county, I am,

Your friend,

JULIA H. MAY.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

FROM F. S. SMITH, LOWELL, MASS.

In my remembrance of Salem there is nothing that stands out so clear as the kindness I have received from many of its people. I remember that grand old monument, Mt. Abram. I remember the mountain streams as they sparkled in the sunlight, and the speckled trout darting through their waters. As I look back some thirty years or more I seem to see a bare-foot boy, with a broad-brimmed straw hat, or perchance no brim at all, and in thought I am that boy again, with rod and line. I also remember the little red school-house under the hill and in fancy I picture the scholars gathered there, fitting themselves to go out and battle with the world, and I ask, where are they now? Some have gone to the last rest; others have gone out and made a successful struggle in life. It seems to me that the pure atmosphere of Salem must be productive of pure thoughts and honest motives.

God bless the old town, and God bless the Pine Tree State, and you who are gathered

Old Home Day Mail Bag

within its sacred borders, may your memories of the past years spent there be as pleasant to you as mine are to me!

Remember me to all those who there knew me.

January 21st, 1903, Charles H. Bangs, of Boston, wrote :

Offhand, I can supply you the address of B. F. Bradbury, who has been in business in Boston for many years. Perhaps you did not recognize him as an old resident. He has spoken to me a number of times about Salem and he was well acquainted with my father.

Henry Heath died in California I should say fifteen or twenty years ago. He was employed in the mint there for a good many years. Jno. O. died in Boston some eight or ten years ago. He was a large contractor and erected the city building in Cambridge. Jno. Turner, whose card I enclose, of the firm of Jno. Turner & Co., was born in Salem, Jan. 23, 1827. His present residence is 351 Main St., Charlestown. He is a director in the Bunker Hill National Bank. He moved from Salem to Sumner, Me., where

Old Home Day Mail Bag

his boyhood was spent. At a reunion held in Sumner some years ago he presented the town with a flag. Horatio G. Turner is a member of the same firm and resides in Dedham. His postoffice address is Ashcroft. He was born in Salem, Jan. 14, 1829. They moved to Sumner the following year. He was introduced to me last year in my office by the Hon. Joel Wilbur, Phillips, Me., the two being great friends. They are now on a trip to California, and Mr. Turner is not expected to return till some time in March.

MRS. PARMELIA E. FRENCH, GALESVILLE,
WISCONSIN, JANUARY 9, 1903.

It has been nearly fifty years since I left Salem, and its pleasant associations are ever in my memory. But few are left there now. Many have moved away, or have passed beyond the River. I do not know the address of any one but my own relatives, nephews and nieces.

Mrs. French added, July 28, 1904:

Old Home Day Mail Bag

It is with regret that I tell you that I cannot be present at the Reunion. My health will not permit me to take the journey. I wish so much I could be there and shake hands with you all personally. We are so changed in our looks, I wonder if we could recognize our old friends. I shall think of them all as they used to look fifty years ago.

Give them my best wishes, and regards. I wish I could be with them. Shall think of them, hoping they will have a jolly time. Accept my best wishes.

DR. A. W. STINCHFIELD, ROCHESTER, MINN.,
MAY 4TH, 1904.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be in Maine during "Old Home Week," and to spend a day in Salem. I think Wesley Soule of this city was born in, or at least lived in, Salem in his youthful days.

JAMES C. KEENE, RENSSELAER, N. Y.

OLD HOME FRIENDS: — I have received a programme announcing the coming celebration of "Old Home Week" at the Town House.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

Salem, and I regret very much my inability to attend. Let me assure you that the old town of Salem is especially dear to me; because it is where I first saw the light of day and spent twenty-two years of my life. Well do I remember every old familiar spot around the farm and neighborhood where I played as a boy, the little streams that used to be full of trout, and those grand old woods. Ah! there is no place like the land of our birth or the home of our childhood. Many years ago a poet wrote:

There is not a spot in the wide-peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;
'T is the home of our childhood, the beautiful spot,
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers in accents unknown
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,
But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

There is no spot on earth
Like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth.

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
The dear name of parent, of husband, and friend;
Which taught us to lisp on our mother's soft breast
The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest !

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod;
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod !

FROM MRS. ROBERT ARMOUR (HELEN E.
WHITTIER), 920 EIGHTEENTH STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD: — A strange feeling of homesickness comes over me to-day as I sit here unable to look into your faces except in imagination. I find on the program the names of some whose faces are pictured indelibly on my memory. One whose name is prefixed by "Hon." I see as a little dark-haired boy at school, first in every study, ambitious to succeed, almost always at the head

Old Home Day Mail Bag

of his class, and always ahead of many who were his superiors in years only. I see him one lovely summer's day standing on the bank of a little brook, trying with a long stick to splash water into the face of a little girl on the bridge. The girl playfully picked up a pebble, thinking to throw it into the water at his feet and spatter the water over him. A moment later she was stricken dumb with horror to see the blood start from a wound in the beautiful forehead. As he was being led into the school house by his brothers one of them said, "I believe she did it on purpose," and the sadness and sorrow of the little heart that meant no wrong can never be described. All through my childhood and womanhood I have wished to hear him say, "You did not mean to do it." He is to give to-day "Some memories of the Eastern part of the town." I wonder if he recalls this little incident of his boyhood? All the other names on the program are familiar, and many others that I have known whose names do not appear will be with you, I am sure. How I long to take each of you by

Old Home Day Mail Bag

the hand, look into your eyes and tell you my heart is full of sweet memories of you all !

One year ago, with my sister Clara, I was enabled through the kindness of my friends, Walter S. Heath and his dear wife, to visit my birthplace on the Phillips road. We found it almost a trackless wilderness, and not a stick of the old house was to be seen. The roads were quite familiar, some houses seemed to be just the same, others had changed, and still others, including the little red school house, were gone. They remain only as memories of the past. One day we drove to my last home in Salem, where I lived between the ages of five and eighteen, under the shadow of dear old Mount Abram. I well remember sitting as a child at the north window of the old home watching fanciful cloud-shadows gliding down the mountain side. As I looked upon its graceful outlines, there they were as of old trooping down over the curves of its great green side, and in my mind I saw the same little girl at the window watching with big, gray, wondering eyes,

Old Home Day Mail Bag

in which the shadow of clouds seemed to linger, and I thanked God that it was His sunshine that made the shadows. Oh how beautiful the mountain looked to me that day! Every graceful line from east to west of the grand old range met its counterpart in the treasures of my memory, and its giant breast towered above us like the unchangeable love of God. The pastures with the great flat rock at the line fence where we played at housekeeping under the sheltering trees all were there, but the old house was gone. When we came back down the hill in the main road towards the little black brook, I saw the path we used to run down for a nearer cut to the road, stopping, when we had time to throw pebbles into the clear water and watch the ripples form, and my eyes filled with tears for the dear ones whose little feet lingered there in the beautiful long ago. All but two of us have long since crossed the River.

When you sing "Sweet Home," "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Auld Lang Syne" to-

Old Home Day Mail Bag

day, may I hope that you will send one thought toward the absent ones, for my heart will be with you.

Letters of regret were received also from Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Turner (Justina Heath), of Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Turner is the sister of Elbridge Heath, George Heath, and the late Albert Heath. She wrote:

We are very sorry not to be with you all in the celebration of Old Home Day at Salem. Precious memories cluster around the dear old home of my childhood. It seems but yesterday that I was there, a little barefoot girl and very happy. We had father, mother, and sister. Some of them have been called Home. God bless their memory! Brother Elbridge will be there. I am sorry not to be with him. God bless you all! I do hope that next year we will come together again and, if spared, we shall be with you.

And from the following:

Old Home Day Mail Bag

Mrs. America Walton, Lowell, Mass.

Mary Emma Ellsworth, Merriam Park,
St. Paul, Minn.

Benjamin F. Day, Westford, Mass.

Mrs. Frank Wyman (née Clara L. Dol-
bier), New Vineyard, Me.

Mrs. F. C. Butler (née Nellie Luce),
Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. S. Milliken (née Annie Lowery
Williams).

R. J. Mayo, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. L. Pottle, Larimore, N. D., who
wrote : —

Charles Bangs was a chum and room-mate
of mine while attending school at Auburn,
Maine, in 1865, I think. Walter Heath was
our teacher in the little, red schoolhouse down
under the hill.

Albert E. Jones, 1156 Washburn Avenue,
Topeka, Kansas, who wrote :—

A great many of the old families, such as
the Winslow, Richards, Folsom, and Davis fami-

Old Home Day Mail Bag

lies, and others, went to Wisconsin and Minnesota in 1855-56.

Clinton J. Richards, Superintendent of Walpole District, Walpole, N. H., writes: —

My grandparents on both sides were among the pioneers of that town. Four generations of my mother's family are represented on the headstones of the old cemetery at Salem.

J. N. Davis, Grand Meadow, Mower Co., Minn., wrote: —

James Folsom has been dead for several years. Melzar Folsom is at Markesan, Green Lake Co., Wis. Richard Folsom is at West Concord, Minn., and Sam Winslow at Mankato, Minn. We are well. I have three children married and two younger ones at home attending school. One graduates from the High School here this spring and wants to enter college in September.

George Clinton Heath, Morrison, Ill. Mr. Heath wrote:

Old Home Day Mail Bag

I am the third son of Simeon A. Heath, who was the son of Elijah H. Heath. My father's brothers were Benjamin, Elijah, Abraham, and Harrison, if I remember correctly. I was born in or near Salem in 1854. Soon after, my father removed to Hallowell and later he went to Augusta and then to Boston. In 1876, I came West and settled on the fertile prairie near Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill. My parents came later. My father died at Morrison in 1891, and is buried at Hallowell, Maine. I have one son, Stacie Rose Heath, who is now twenty-one and is located at Leavenworth, Wash.

Warren S. Voter, West Farmington, who "was born in Salem, Me. in 1845 and loves the old town still, but is unable to come to the reunion on account of the G. A. R. meeting in Boston."

Dr. Oliver W. Turner, Augusta, Me., son of W. H. Turner, who was a Salemite, and during his lifetime always interested in the old place.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

E. K. Humphrey, Lowell, Mass., born in Salem and lived there until four years of age.

D. P. Blake, Frankfort, Indiana, the sole survivor of the four brothers who went West.

A. C. Otis, Philadelphia, Pa., manager of Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Me.; nephew of Mr. D. P. Blake of Frankfort, Indiana, and son of Mrs. Lucinda P. Otis, still living at Readfield, Maine, eighty-two years of age, and very feeble. Mr. Otis wrote: "I was in Salem in September of 1902. The old town looks very different from what it did in the days of my childhood."

D. D. Graffam, Phillips, Maine, who left Salem forty years ago.

E. R. Heath, Marblehead, Mass.

James C. Pottle, Sanger, Fresno Co., Cal., who left Salem in 1870, and has not

Old Home Day Mail Bag

been in the village since 1872, though he was at Kingfield in 1896. Mr. Pottle went to North Dakota in 1880, and says that since that time he has not seen a person there he ever saw before, except relatives who have come out to visit him.

Rev. Ernest K. Caswell, Cambridge, Mass., whose mother was a Salem woman.

Mrs. Julia (Hunter) Tarbox, sister of the Editor of *The Chronicle*, wrote as follows : —

I think I was never in Salem more than once. Several of my father's uncles, Dodge by name, lived and died there, and once with my aunt, Rachie Porter, I went to a church social at Mr. William Dodge's. My father's mother, Rachel Dodge, was a native of Salem, but her married life was spent in Strong, and the visits of my childhood with relatives in Strong are some of the brightest spots of my life.

Mrs. Deborah Howard, daughter of Mr.

Old Home Day Mail Bag

Albert Hayford, wrote from Arkansas City, Kansas, April 11, 1904:—

No one would enjoy being there more than I would, but I shall have to deny myself the pleasure, owing to the long distance I am from Salem. My best wishes and prayers, however, will be with you for the success of the meeting.

There was only one other person here who was born in Salem, and he died a few years ago. He was W. H. Pottle.

A genealogy of the Hayford family has recently been published by Otis Hayford of Canton, Maine, giving much interesting history of that family, both in England and America, proving by copies of old Plymouth records that it is one of the oldest families in the country. With John Alden and Myles Standish, the Hayfords founded Duxbury, Mass.

REMINISCENCES

BY MR. M. W. LOVEJOY

UNDER date of January 22, 1903, Mr. Lovejoy wrote from Seattle, Washington, as follows :

“It would give me a great deal of pleasure to attend, but my business affairs will prevent me from so doing. I was back there two years ago last summer. Salem, the dear, old town — still the sweetest spot on this earth to me, although I have been away from there many years !

“My visit there two years ago lasted until well along into September. One of that month’s loveliest days, I borrowed a gun and set out to go over my old hunting grounds around Mt. Abram. I believe now that I borrowed the gun more for the purpose of getting out into the woods alone than with any intention of shooting anything. I had not gone far up the moun-

Reminiscences

tain side when I came to one of the 'old spots.' I was quite willing to sit down there and linger for a while. The sun had well nigh settled behind the woods beyond, but seemed to halt, as it did for Joshua, and to lend a little more to the scene I already enjoyed. Presently several squirrels hopped along on the ground and capered, then leaped up a near-by tree, one after the other. They reached quite the top-most bough and then opened up one of the merriest chippers to which I had ever listened. A little way beyond, but quite secure, as I suppose they thought, were half a dozen blue jays talking to me in one of their numerous, saucy dialects. Little birds also were scratching and rustling among the crisp leaves that had already fallen. Do you suppose I fired a shot? Not so. I would have thrown that old gun down the mountain side as far as my strength would permit, first! The place where I stood was to me holy ground, surrounded by a holy atmosphere, and I would not desecrate it by the report of a gun — to say nothing of harming the sweet

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

company, the only kind that I wanted, which the good Lord had sent there to entertain me.

"This trifling incident will show you a little of how dear the old town seemed to me. I take a great deal of pleasure in recalling the old scenes there. The mountain and its green pastures, the plain below with its winding stream, skirted with trees and green-topped bushes, form a picture that often comes to my mind. My boyhood days were spent there during the seventies and I probably knew every person who then lived in the town. Many of them, of course, have passed away to the better land and many are living elsewhere. I know the addresses of but few of those living out of town.

"You, no doubt, know of 'Uncle Johnny Richards.' He died a year or two ago. The youngest son, Clinton, lives in Aroostook County somewhere. I do not know his address. The oldest, Isaac C., lives at Golden-dale, this State, but I have never seen him since living here. I am sure that Mr. George W.

Reminiscences

Harris and Mr. Walter Heath, old residents, can give many incidents of old town people and happenings.

"If I cannot be there in bodily presence, you have the liberty to imagine me there in spirit, enjoying all the good things that may take place."

August 2, 1904, Mr. Lovejoy wrote again as follows:—

"The thought of being again in the old town and meeting old acquaintances so thrilled me that my half-formed resolution to attend your meeting became almost completed, when the other thought came to me: 'Your business matters will not permit you to go.' Could I meet the friends of my early manhood, which was spent there in the old town, I certainly should feel that this were a little the best joy that had ever come to me.

"Dear old Salem, you are to me, of all places on earth, the hallowed spot! I see you now before me—your green fields and pastures, your

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

hills and valleys, your winding streams, your little hamlet, your farm-houses dotting the landscape here and there, and your stately old mountain. I see moving figures on your farms, in your houses, at your schools, and within your churches — all of which are a real joy and an inspiration. I go back to the time when I first set foot on your soil, in the year 1868, and take a survey down to the time when I severed my home connections there in 1882.

“My folks moved there in the spring from Kingsfield, about the first of April. It was a warm day and the footing, as usual about that time of the year, was partly on snow and partly on bare ground. We arrived there about noon of the day. I then felt homesick — everything was so different from the place we had left. It all stands out so clearly in my mind to-day! We were soon settled and father, with the help of my brothers, Orrin, Frank, Walter, and myself, began farming in earnest. It was not long before we knew everybody in town and, I suppose, everybody there knew us. I see now, passing

Reminiscences

before me, the faces of George and John Briggs, Albert Perry, David Harlow, Josiah Pease, John Richards (and along the road on which these men lived the little red schoolhouse, at which I taught two or more terms), and also the faces of Uncle Leadbetter and John Leadbetter; and, on another road, Samuel Whitney, a Mr. Gould, Eli Brackley, Samuel Perry, and William Dolbier; then, going east from the road leading to Mt. Abram, and on which lived the five last named persons, by way of Oliver's Mills, is my old home, and along this road I see the faces of Uncle Daniel Billington, Frances Billington (his sister), Andrew Davis, who later sold his place to Cyrus Ellsworth, Rufus Blake, Henry Wills, and Jeremiah Pottle; and, over North and nearer the mountain, Thomas Bradbury, Trystram Davis, and Franklin County's veteran school teacher, Charles Dolbier. Then, going west from the road leading to the mountain, before described, are Bartlett Lovejoy, Daniel Watson, Isaac Hayford, Zebedee Hayford, Wash. Keene, Uncle Willis, William Seavey, John Cunning-

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

ham, Roscoe Heath, Waterman Barker, Ford. Voter, widow Sarah Lovejoy, George Heath, Simeon Turner, and the Wymans. Then, beginning on the so-called Phillips Road, near the town line, and coming easterly, I see Albert Pease, Philip Harris, Uncle Hodgeman, Jeremiah Ellsworth, Jonathan Daggett; then, on the road leading more directly from Salem Mills to Strena, and going south, I see Frederick Richards, Uncle Williams, who lived where brother Walter now lives, Uncle Mayo, Nelson Harris, Stephen Mayo, and Freedom Richards; going east from the road upon which these six last named lived, I see George W. Harris, Uncle Ben Heath, Joseph Dodge, and, near the foot of the mill pond, in the little dwelling and store, I see a form quietly sitting and smoking his pipe. He is looking down to the floor and telling of some event that happened at Livermore many years before. You may know who it is.

“I stand on the little bridge leading across the Curvo, just a little way from the store and at the foot of the mill pond. I look south and

Reminiscences

observe how pretty the pond is. On its east and north sides I see, skirted along the water's edge, white birch, alders, willows, tall grass, and rushes; on its west side, reaching out from the water, a wide green meadow extending for a long way north and, from up among the rushes, I hear the voices of frogs. Some of them hoarse and guttural, and some of them musical. In the north, I see what to me is the grandest mountain in all the world — old Abram. It is a majestic monument. It is silent and mysterious and speaks to my soul. I don't know what it is saying, in all its silence and mystery, but my soul answers in its own unknown language and I am satisfied. Resting there a little while longer, I hear the hum of the mills just below the bridge and I see moving about them the faces of George Mills and Fred, and later of Samuel Hinds and son, Warren. The elder is attending to the grinding of grains and Warren is attending to the saw. I see men with teams taking away newly-sawed lumber and grists from the flour mill. Uncle Hodgeman has just gone away with his bag of

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

newly-made flour. He sits erect in the middle of the wagon seat and his horse is speeding away as though she were anxious to get back to the pasture.

"Bart Lovejoy is driving the best yoke of oxen in town, he believes, loaded with a big spruce, towards the saw mill; and Luther Childs is standing near by whittling, and looking on as though he were interested. Uncle Willis is sitting on the steps of Mr. Graffam's store reading the New York World, and Jimmie Keene is waiting at the post office for his mail. Edwin Hayford is there with Clarion, and is trying to get Clarion to go back home with him. Clarion says he will go 'in a minute' — but forgets.

"My mind's kinetoscope works again. It is Sunday. We are at the town house. Reverend Albert Heath is the preacher. Everybody who can get into the building is there. We like to hear him. He is earnest, tender hearted, and eloquent. . . . Another Sunday, and the preacher is Elder Leonard Hutchins. We all listen with earnest interest. We know him to be heartily

Reminiscences

interested for us all. There are Freedom Richards, Nelson Harris, Mrs. George Harris, and Olive Hinds in the choir.

"The scene again changes. It is winter. Who are teaching in the schools? George W. Harris, Charles Dolbier, and Carrie Nash. Walter Heath is Superintendent. One District has a twelve weeks term, one ten, and one eight; but scholars in one district are about equal in proficiency to those in the others. The shorter the term, the harder they study. The winter is long and cold. We have revival meetings going on during the evenings. Some are converted to stay; but some, not at the time thinking how hard it is to leave off old habits and reform the character, go back into the old ways. They remain good citizens but feel strange and restrained in trying to keep within church ways. Some, even, feel thus who yet are Christians in all the term implies.

"It is summer again and more scenes are presented. I am walking towards the old mountain. The hot sun, double-disked, is looking

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

steadily down from the deep blue sky. I see the heated atmosphere shimmering over green fields and pastures. I hear the ravishing music of the thrush, hidden in the little thicket near by. I hear the droning murmur of wild bees flitting about and searching among wild flowers, and I hear the voices of lowing cattle pastured on the mountain slope. From some distant tree comes, swelling over the land, the long-drawn-out buzz of the harvest-fly. Noisy brooks are coursing their way down the mountain side, and the old mountain, in all its majesty — time-defying — stands pointing to the mysterious blue above. Such as these give one a spell that is never forgotten, and ought not to be. I pause, lost in wonder and ecstasy. I look again and the sun has settled behind the western slope. The air is cooler and is in song with myriads of insects. Grasshoppers have begun to lisp and crickets to chirp. The cuckoo is singing in the valley below. Scattered little frogs are piping to each other their calls and answers. I am a little lonely, but it is sweeter

Reminiscences

to stay than to go, and I remain until the music has ceased.

“I love the old town. It was here that I first caught a glimpse of the world as it is. It was here that I came to manhood, was seized with ambitions, met with little disappointments, and won little successes — in short, it was here that I caught a glimpse of the world-school discipline that I was to receive and now have received.

“I have given the names of many of the older people who resided there when I did, especially during the early part of my residence. I remember them all, and all the younger people. What a pleasure it would be to me to meet them and shake their hands. Nearly all these older residents have now passed over to the silent majority.

“How much praise we ought to give to those old settlers. Think what large families some of them brought up to become citizens of our beloved country! Many of them have made the world better for having lived in it. I wonder,

By Mr. M. W. Lobesoy

when I observe how much easier it is now to get a livelihood than it used to be, how these parents with their small farms, some of them rough and hard to work, could, with the little means at their command, have accomplished so much. I know it could have happened only by working very hard, nearly or quite all the day, and often by burning midnight oil.

"I wish I had the time to speak of all those I knew — residents of Salem — but I have not, and, too, it would take up too much of your time to read what I should say; but there are some whose faces stand out so vividly in my mind that I will venture to make mention of them. I observe, on your programme, that you are to have present with you Mrs. C. F. Underwood (*née* Carrie Nash). She was a teacher in the school that used to be in the north part of the town, located on the road leading from my old home to Oliver's Mills. I do not remember what winter it was, but I was one of her pupils and am glad I was. I remember very distinctly some of her work and some events connected directly

Reminiscences

or indirectly with the school. If I were present, I am sure I should, in addressing her, call her, some times at least, Carrie. And that is what we called her when she was our teacher. I believe she did not object, and we all thought it better than to say those *freezy words*, Miss Nash. Well, now, I would say: 'Carrie, don't you remember when you and some of the pupils that were riding with you got thrown out of the big pung into the snow near the bridge crossing the little brook that runs near the present site of the old schoolhouse, and that you, in your tumble, made a large hole in the snow? And don't you remember that that funny old fellow, Silas Handy, who then was making his home with Mr. Billington, who lived near the school building, said that when he saw that hole in the snow he "smelled a rat"? His remark, I remember, was very amusing to you at the time. I thought then that the old fellow Handy said what he did in a figurative way—meaning that from the imprint in the snow he thought a serious accident had taken place; but, since that, I have thought it

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

might be that he thought that there were rats large enough to make a hole as large as the one in the snow and that one of them had the night before passed that way. You remembered the spot for some time, as you designated it as the place where "Uncle Silas smelled the rat." One other event I will relate: You taught us a lesson in geography that went in rhyme. The first stanza ran like this: —

This earth on which we live is round
As any apple ever found ;
And, as the flies on apples crawl,
So men pass round this earthly ball.

We were repeating this one day, in concert, when one of the boys, I don't like to say who the boy was, dropped out of the ranks and took up something that seemed more exciting. You, without losing your grip on the poem, quietly pushed your fingers through the boy's front hair and, when I looked up, the boy's head was keeping accurate time with the accents of the poem. He was good natured and aided you all he could. I laughed, but not then and there, mind you,

Reminiscences

and thought what a funny thing it was to use a boy's head for a baton.'

"Of the pupils in the school, besides my own brothers and sisters, I see Charles Blake, George Blake, LaForest, Fred and Frank Ellsworth, Will McKeen, Lucy and Olinda McKeen, Clara, Mahala, and Amos Dolbier, Herman and Charles Lovejoy, Otis Heath, and many other and younger faces.

"Over in the John Richards' District, as we used to designate it, I used to visit before I taught there, and also at the Mills School. At the former I see Isaac, Freedom, and Clinton Richards, all close students; Odell and Charles Whitney, John, Emma, Louisa, and Ella Briggs; and, at the latter, there were George, Nella, and Mary Richards, Frank Graffam, and George Willis, who found it hard work to get over a funny thought; Olive Hinds and Ella Daggett, both very matter-of-fact, Ellen Williams, more or less sober, and Jennie, her sister, with a half sober, kindly face, but who saw more of the comic than of the serious side of life. Ed and

By Mr. M. W. Lovesoy

Emmons Harris were there, the latter never without a smile; John Ellsworth, a good mimic and more or less original; his brother Ossian, and their sister, whose name I have now forgotten. Celestia Hayford, who built castles in the air, Ella Hayford, who wondered why things are as they are, and Edwin and Clarion Hayford are all studying — some in silence and some reading their lessons over in a whisper. It is a cold day. The wind is whistling and sighing and the snow is sifting on the outside. The roar of the fire in the old barrel stove, the noise of slate pencils, and moving feet, and the busy study, with some whispering, all combined have a charm for me. It is one of the noises felt to be necessary in the great march of progress. It is a mill that is turning out something that will be useful to the world.

“It seems but yesterday that I was a pupil in one of the schools of Charles Dolbier. We always called him Charles. To him I, too, owe a great deal. He taught more than the texts in the schoolbooks. He was a foe to whims.

Reminiscences

He did not believe in ghosts, but he did believe that we have a right to prove all things and hold fast to those that are good.

"Four years ago this summer I was back there on a visit. My home, as many of you may know, is now and has been for nearly sixteen years at Seattle, Washington, more than three thousand miles away. I remember the first morning after my arrival. When I awoke, I wondered if it were really true that I was back in the old town—I had so often dreamed of being there before and my dreams had had such a seeming reality that, as true as I write this, I thought: 'What test shall I make to prove that I am really here at Salem?' I had only to get up and say, 'Good morning' to my folks, look about me, and the reality was apparent.

"During my visit, I went over to see the old home. There it stood in silence, save when the summer breeze hissed around its walls and roofs, deserted. No familiar face there to look upon. No voice to greet me. All gone, forever gone! The very thought choked me. But I said to

By Mr. M. W. Lovejoy

myself, 'This is the way of the earth and earthly idols fall. Cheer up and think of the brighter side.' There was the old well whose cooling water I had so often tasted, but whose oaken bucket had long ago been cast aside. And back of the house was the large rock on which I had so many times stood and watched the moon and stars and looked at the old mountain and the outlying landscape. They seemed natural and it was a pleasure to me to look at them.

"But my letter is already too long and the audience who may hear it are, I perceive, already weary. I should be pleased to mention more names of persons that I know at Salem and the many kindnesses that old friends there have shown me. I want to say this: There is not a person living there, nor any of those who are sleeping in that quiet little cemetery, or elsewhere, to whom I bear the least ill-will. It is a pleasure to me to think of them. I shall always hold them as the choicest treasures of my memory.

Reminiscences

"You will have a good time at your meeting and during the week. I hope it will be my good fortune to be with you when you meet again."

A REMINISCENCE

RELATED BY MRS. OTIS OF READFIELD

Formerly Miss Lucinda Blake

Under date of March 17, 1903, Mrs. C. F. Underwood wrote :

"I passed a day last week with Mrs. Otis of Readfield, formerly Miss Lucinda Blake. She has been an invalid for many years. Being now past eighty, she is much enfeebled in body, but mentally has not failed accordingly. She remembers when that part of Salem where her father located was almost an unbroken wilderness. She remembers when the land was being cleared and when but a very few temporary homes were built. I think that the Pottles's, Briggs's, Ellsworths's, and her father's houses were all built within a short time after her father went there. She cannot tell just when the main East Road was made, but remembers that it was when she was a small child. Her father first erected a rude habitation, then a better one,

A Reminiscence

and afterward he built^d a fine substantial brick house, which was as solid as masonry could make it, and which stood firm upon its foundation until within thirty years, when the 'fire fiend' destroyed it, with all the out-buildings, including a barn which, at the time, was said to be the best in Franklin County. She had heard of the floors in the first old homes, which were made of some kind of bark ; and the brooms were always of cedar or hemlock. Her husband's mother, Mrs. Otis of Kingfield, always declared that her happiest years were spent, *not* in her fine and more modern home, but in the old log cabin with the 'bark floor' which she took so much pride in sweeping with her 'hemlock broom.'

"I think I promised to try to get the facts relative to the narrow escape from tragic death of Elbridge Blake when he was a small boy, nine years old. Mrs. Otis related the story to me in every detail, as she recollected it very clearly. Her brothers, Elbridge and Daniel, were sent for the cows toward night and were

By Mrs. Otis

told to bring home some 'brown stuff' with them. Elbridge looked after the latter, while his brother drove the cows home. It was perhaps half a mile from their home, down toward the Kingfield road, and all woods, excepting small clearings where the cows pastured. Elbridge, emerging from the thicket with his 'brown stuff,' found himself confronted with a pack of howling wolves. He was near a small, slender tree, and, as rapidly as possible, he climbed it until he felt that it was bending. The situation was frightful. He knew that wolves could not climb, but if the branch which he was grasping with both hands should bend low or break, he would be at their mercy. His screams and shouts were finally heard by Mr. Briggs, who lived in a diagonal direction, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant from him. Mr. Briggs, fearing that it was the voice of a child, and suspecting the cause, ran speedily up to Mr. Blake's and breathlessly inquired if all their children, nine in all, were at home. They replied that all were there but Elbridge. 'Faith, then,' said Uncle

A Reminiscence

Briggs, 'the wolves have got him !' The brick walls of the new Blake house were about half completed. There were masons and a number of others employed there, and they were about finishing their day's work. They instantly took in the situation. Trowels and other implements were thrown hither and yon, and, with the older members of the family, the workmen rushed to the rescue. Mrs. Otis says that their yells were like the savage war whoop and echoed loud and long through that wild, lonely region. Elbridge remembers that during all this interval the wolves closely and entirely surrounded the tree, but could do nothing but look up at him. He understood what all the noise in the distance meant, and took courage. The wolves 'appeared to look at each other and, in their own language, to wonder what turn they would better take.' The hideous sounds of the rescuers had the desired effect, and, at first sight of the men, the wolves scattered and fled in all directions toward the woods. The boy Elbridge was helped out of the frightful situation. Safe within the fold that

By Mrs. Otis

night, who can doubt that praise and thanksgiving filled every heart for so miraculous an escape?

"Mrs. Otis said that this was but one instance of many similar ones, that the dangers were many, and that it was absolutely unsafe for children, or even grown people, to go far from their homes, alone or unarmed. She said that they afterward resorted to fencing in, or confining, their stock — horses, cattle, and sheep — and throwing poison all through the woods, until, after a time, the wolves grew scarce.

"I asked in reference to bears. 'Oh,' she said, 'they did n't make much account of bears compared with wolves!' She had quite a laugh, and spoke as though a bear was of very little consequence.

"One thing, doubtless, you know — that Salem was incorporated January 10, 1823, under the name of North Salem, and was formed from parts of Freeman, Phillips, and Bingham's Purchase."

OLD HOME DAY REGISTER

Among those who were present from a distance were —

D. C. Heath of Boston, Mass.

Elbridge G. Heath of Auburn.

Rev. Abel W. Pottle of Lisbon Falls.

Hon. George Pottle and Mrs. Pottle of Lewiston.

Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Stinchfield of Rochester, Minn.

Miss Laura Stinchfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bangs and daughter Jean of
Everett, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Porter of Westbrook.

Florian Porter of Eustis.

Hon. and Mrs. Joel Wilbur of Phillips.

Fred F. Pease of Livermore Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Foss, *née* Althea Heath, of
Bangor.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Merrill of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gilman, *née* Annie Porter, of
Farmington.

Register

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rice, *née* Ida Porter, and daughter Bertha of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. George Underwood, *née* Carrie Nash, of Fayette.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Leadbetter of Farmington.

Mrs. M. Wills of Strong.

George Winslow of Strong.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Beal of Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cunningham, *née* Lula Ellsworth, and daughter of Kingfield.

Augustus Page of Kingfield.

Mrs. Mary Larrabee of Kingfield.

D. Schuyler Austin of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Jennings of Fairfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Almon A. Carville, *née* Celestia Hayford, and daughter of Farmington.

Mrs. Melvina Hayford Stewart of Farmington.

Mrs. Marcia Knapp of Newark, N. J.

Miss Lelia Briggs of Farmington.

Mrs. Sarah Jones, *née* Sarah Leadbetter, of Farmington.

Frank King of Skowhegan.

Columbus Hayford of Presque Isle.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dodge of West Freeman.

Mrs. Hannah Harlow Morrell of Strong.

Mr. Fred Morrell.

Old Home Day

Miss Lilla Morrell.
Earl Brackley of Strong.
J. Harvey Dodge of Strong.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Richardson of Strong.
Miss Helen Richardson.
Miss Bessie Hunter of Strong.
Mrs. L. Hunter of Strong.
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Libby of Madrid.
Mr and Mrs. J. H. Heath of Farmington.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Worthley of Strong.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Knowlton of Strong.
Mrs. Frank Knowlton, *née* Belle Towle, of Strong.
Miss Claire Knowlton.
Henry Allen of Strong.
Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Briggs of Strong.
Amos True of Strong.
Mrs. Olive Dodge of Strong.
Frank Knowlton of Strong.
Mrs. A. C. Nickerson, *née* Mahala Dolbier, of Fairbanks.
Miss Maud Nickerson.
Miss Pearl Nickerson.
Mrs. Almeda Clausen, *née* Cunningham, of Lowell,
Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. George French, *née* Viola Cunningham,
and son, of Lowell, Mass.

Register

John Dolbier of Kingfield.

Charles Dolbier of Kingfield.

Miss Julia H. May of Strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Clark, *née* Dodge, of Strong.

Miss Blanche Clark of Strong.

Mrs. E. A. Dodge, *née* Cleora Hayford, and son
Chester of Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Flora E. Thomas, *née* Richards, of Lawrence,
Mass.

Mrs. Jennie Carver, *née* Richards, of Leeds.

Mrs. Warren Dodge of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Graffam of Lewiston.

Mrs. Eugene Dunton, *née* Sabrina Lovejoy, and daughter
of Lewiston.

Harry Perkins of Wilton.

Mrs. John Lowell, *née* Nella Richards, of Lawrence,
Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, *née* Ellen Ellsworth,
of Farmington.

Mrs. Bert Millett of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Graffam, *née* Sarah Witham,
of Phillips.

M. B. Pottle of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Dunham, *née* Emma Childs, of
Madrid.

Old Home Day

- Mrs. George K. Richards of Kingfield.
Ira Blanchard of Kingfield.
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Lander of Kingfield.
Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Brackley, *née* Ida Lovejoy, of
Freeman.
Clarence Blackwell of Rhode Island.
Fred Weymouth of Freeman.
Sumner A. Lovejoy of West Freeman.
Mrs. Elizabeth L. Harris, *née* Heath, of Lowell,
Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, *née* Harris, of Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Carrie Harrison, *née* Harris, of Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Addie Marshall, *née* Harris, of Lowell, Mass.
George F. Briggs of Farmington.
Mrs. Adeline Curtis Daggett of Strong.
Mr. and Mrs. Melzor Fulsom, *née* Dorcas Clark, of
Wisconsin.
Miss Edith Luce of Lowell, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Peabody, *née* Mahala Ells-
worth, of St. Paul, Minnesota.
Mrs. O. M. Jennings of Farmington.
Mrs. A. L. Brown and son Theo. of Fairbanks.
Mrs. C. J. Mayo of Walpole, N. H.
Mrs. Stephen Mayo, *née* Ella Daggett, of Strong.
Mrs. Lovina Lovejoy True of Strong.

Register

- Mrs. Lydia Graffam Greely, Somerville, Mass.
Mr. Andrew J. Davis, New Portland, Me.
Mr. Will Blake.
Mr. Reuben Richards, Gorham, N. H.
Mr. Frank L. King, Skowhegan, Me.
Mr. Geo. E. Dodge, Carmel, Me.
Mrs. E. L. Dunton, *née* Lovejoy, Lewiston, Me.
Mrs. Clara Lovejoy Buller, New Portland, Me.
Mr. and Mrs. Ira Davenport, *née* Emma Voter,
Phillips, Me.
Mr. and Mrs. John Shepherd, *née* Calistia Voter,
Phillips, Me.

La Vergne, TN USA
19 March 2010

176584LV00002B/30/A



Kessinger Publishing's® Rare Reprints

Thousands of Scarce and Hard-to-Find Books

- Americana
- Ancient Mysteries
- Animals
- Anthropology
- Architecture
- Arts
- Astrology
- Bibliographies
- Biographies & Memoirs
- Body, Mind & Spirit
- Business & Investing
- Children & Young Adult
- Collectibles
- Comparative Religions
- Crafts & Hobbies
- Earth Sciences
- Education
- Ephemera
- Fiction
- Folklore
- Geography
- Health & Diet
- History
- Hobbies & Leisure
- Humor
- Illustrated Books
- Language & Culture
- Law
- Life Sciences
- Literature
- Medicine & Pharmacy
- Metaphysical
- Music
- Mystery & Crime
- Mythology
- Natural History
- Outdoor & Nature
- Philosophy
- Poetry
- Political Science
- Psychiatry & Psychology
- Rare Books
- Reference
- Religion & Spiritualism
- Rhetoric
- Sacred Books
- Science Fiction
- Science & Technology
- Self-Help
- Social Sciences
- Symbolism
- Theatre & Drama
- Theology
- Travel & Explorations
- War & Military
- Women
- Yoga

Download a free catalog and search our titles at: www.kessinger.net



ISBN 143663654X

